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MR. BRIGHT'S REFORM AGITATION.

WHEN a few skirmishers have made an enemy believe that their position is occupied in force, it is a serious blunder to display their real strength by forming in open ground. Politicians of all parties have now an opportunity of counting and estimating the agitators who have frightened them into half-promises to sacrifice all the securities of English freedom and greatness. Mr. BRIGHT professes to have framed his Reform Bill at the request of an Association which is faintly remembered as having met for the purpose about a year ago. Ten or twelve members of Parliament at that time gathered round their chosen chief, and, after a year's agitation, the number has now dwindled to three. Mr. CLAY, Mr. BRISTOW, and Mr. KERSHAW are not known as Parliamentary leaders; and when Mr. S. MORLEY, of the defunct Administrative Reform Society, and the famous Mr. COX, of Finsbury, are added to their number, they are scarcely entitled to dictate the terms of the new Constitution. It ought perhaps to be recorded that one unhappy Peer straggled into the meeting to express his opinion that the only qualifications for the exercise of the franchise should be "manhood and intelligence." It does not appear that even the little clique of Reformers, who happened to have adopted resolutions against universal suffrage, were especially flattered by the presence of Lord TEYNHAM.

Insignificant as Mr. BRISTOW and the rest may be, they have some reason to be proud of the noise which they have assisted in making. Together with their half-dozen colleagues who have since withdrawn from the agitation, they furnished Mr. BRIGHT with a pretext for his round of revolutionary speeches. It may have been their intention only to advertise their own names, and to seek out of doors the notoriety which was refused by a supercilious House of Commons. Mr. KERSHAW and Mr. BRISTOW may possibly be innocent of seditious purposes, although their emissary has outdone all recent demagogues in his efforts to set one class against another. As far as the investiture conferred on Mr. BRIGHT may be supposed to have furnished a motive for his agitation, the so-called Reform Committee may fairly boast of the alarm and irritation which has been diffused through the country. The other effects of the organization are of the nature of the impulse which the fly long ago imparted to the wheel; or perhaps it might be more correctly asserted that, in the present instance, the wheel is not moving. Lord DERBY thought it profitable to produce a Reform Bill, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL outbid him; but there has been no serious indication of a desire for constitutional change on the part of any class of politicians. It was observed that Mr. BRIGHT could never collect more than three or four members of Parliament to listen to his speeches, and the country at large has been altogether passive, notwithstanding the certainty that the question will be brought forward. According to the report of the Reform Committee, "it will furnish some indication of the extent of public opinion to state, that the records of the House of Commons give, for the session, from February to April, 110 petitions in favour of Reform, with 40,997 signatures." A greater number of signatures might be obtained in a week for a Maine Liquor-law, a Nine Hours' Bill, or any other nostrum which promised a remedy for any popular grievance.

Ministers and ex-Ministers must feel a sense of shame when they reflect that they have promised to adopt a policy opposed to their deepest convictions for the sake of conciliating one implacable demagogue and three unknown members of the House of Commons. Their uneasiness will scarcely be diminished by the unwonted moderation of the language in which Mr. BRIGHT announces his practical agreement with Lord JOHN RUSSELL. With an instalment of reform which will add fifty or sixty per cent. to some con-

stituencies and will double or even triple others, the most eager revolutionist may be content to wait for the further changes which will then be brought within easy reach. The additional electors in the boroughs will, to a great extent, disfranchise all those who have enjoyed the privilege of voting under the Reform Act; or, if they are mixed up indistinguishably with the present constituencies, they will largely increase the proportion of those voters who have furnished employment for so many weeks to the Commissioners at Wakefield and Gloucester. It is idle to disguise the fact that, below a certain social rank, political rights are, in the absence of exceptional excitement, regarded as legitimate objects of barter. It is true that, by turning every borough into a Marylebone or a Tower Hamlets, the price of a vote may be so reduced as to offer little temptation for a bargain; but the grievance is not that an elector is willing to accept a bribe, but that he is not guided by any sense of conscientious obligation in selecting a Parliamentary representative. Experienced members, who have canvassed half-a-dozen boroughs, large and small, are generally ready to testify in private, if not on the hustings or in the House of Commons, that the lower class of voters seldom or never inquire into their political opinions. It is not likely that a higher quality of public principle will be discovered by piercing into a lower stratum of society.

If Mr. BRIGHT contents himself in London with an intimation of his wish to support the Ministerial measure, he has not been sparing in announcements of the practical consequences which are hereafter to follow from Parliamentary Reform. While Lord JOHN RUSSELL perhaps only desires to revive the excitement and popularity of his earlier years, his more consistent ally by no means intends to set up a new machine for the purpose of turning out the old amount of work after the accustomed pattern. Only a few days since, Mr. BRIGHT publicly proposed to readjust the whole taxation of the country as soon as the working classes have the power of shifting all burdens on the owners of fixed property. His satellites are constantly urging the fantastic project of imposing on the land the whole burden of the defence of the country; and if it is true that irresponsible bodies are always selfish, the numerical majority will not fail to transfer all taxes to those whom they will exclude from all exercise of political activity. No measure which was ever devised in the infancy of economical science could be more unjust than the scheme of confiscation which Mr. BRIGHT propounded to his Liverpool admirers; and yet he may fairly challenge his Whig and Tory coadjutors to give an equally intelligible explanation of their plans for swamping the influence of property and education. Agitation for mischievous purposes is more respectable than much ado about nothing.

If Gloucester and Wakefield convey no lesson—if Marylebone and Finsbury are regarded as pattern constituencies—politicians might at least take warning by the recent experience of France. For thirty-three years in the whole course of its history, that enlightened nation enjoyed freedom of the press, public discussion, Parliamentary checks on administrative excesses, and the conscious dignity which can only belong to a nation of freemen. The constitution which secured all these advantages rested on too narrow a basis, although the test of liberty is not the power of voting for a representative, but the control of the Government by a public and independent assembly. The Charter was, in 1848, superseded by universal suffrage; and two or three years later the nominees of the people, in their desperate desire to preserve the freedom of the country, restricted the unlimited franchise from which their own power was derived. When the National Assembly was driven out of doors to make room for a military despotism, the first measure of the usurper consisted in the restoration

of universal suffrage. The educated and conscientious part of the nation unanimously disapproves of the absolute monarchy which has been established; but the bulk of the people cares nothing for political dignity, and rejoices in the opportunity of depressing the envied minority. In all his speeches Mr. BRIGHT has carefully avoided all mention of freedom. Cheapness and financial changes sum up the benefits which the country is to derive from the monopoly of power by the multitude. It is not pretended that the future House of Commons will be more susceptible to executive encroachments, or more jealous of the rights of the nation. It is difficult to foresee whether the process of degeneration will follow the Continental or the American type. In either case it is probable that the least mischievous Reform Bill will be that which is most nearly nugatory. It is still possible that Lord JOHN RUSSELL may disappoint the three or four Reformers of the Guildhall—if, indeed, an opportunity of fresh agitation would involve any disappointment. The Bill which was defeated by the excitement of the Russian war in 1854 was in many respects framed with an honest consideration of the objects and difficulties of such a measure. Almost any plan would be preferable to a wholesale admission of a lower class of voters without any counter-balancing arrangement. The degree of approval which Mr. BRIGHT may bestow on the Ministerial scheme will approximately indicate the danger with which it may threaten the freedom and good government of the country.

FOX AND GOOSE.

THE four Liverpool brokers have received sufficient chastisement from public opinion. Their wisdom equals that of the old lady who, hearing an alarming rumour as to the character of her banker, promptly orders her carriage, and drives off, to receive from the banker's own lips the positive assurance that his position is perfectly sound, and that her deposit is in no danger. As M. MOCQUARD in his reply very pertinently and justly observes, they betray a suspicion that the EMPEROR is little better than a pirate, and at the same time imply that his word may be trusted as that of a man of honour. If they are not absolutely the first of English public men who have been guilty of this platitude, the superior simplicity with which they have committed it deservedly draws upon them peculiar ridicule. Nor is the eminent imbecility of the proceeding its only title to public notice. It betrays a lamentable lack of the high spirit which English citizens ought to show in their bearing towards foreign Governments, and of the dignified allegiance which they owe their own. The majesty of England can never have entered into the heart of men who, at a crisis of national peril, can separate from the public representatives of their country and address private applications to a foreign prince. The movement which has given birth to the Volunteer Corps will go far to remedy this anarchical isolation of commercial selfishness, and restore to the England of ELIZABETH and CROMWELL the character of a great and united nation. The habit of combined action will teach people, when storms impend, to rally round those who are in command of the vessel instead of thinking how they can slip into the boat. The sense of military dignity and self-confidence will improve our general carriage, and we shall know better than to be screaming to a French despot to have mercy on our scrip, and drawing down his insolent sarcasms about "epidemics" and "fear" upon the great country to which we have the honour to belong.

LOUIS NAPOLEON might have said, in answer to the wise men of Liverpool, that as a Sovereign he was in the habit of communicating his intentions only to sovereign Powers. He might, if strongly moved by his feelings to speak, have disclaimed the imputed treason in the few warm words which unjust suspicion forces from the lips of honour. But he has coolly availed himself of the opportunity for dissuading the improvement of our army and navy, and the formation of volunteer corps, as arising from chimerical apprehensions, and calculated to interfere with the mutual "appreciation" which should characterize the intercourse of great nations. This is not only "good-natured," but businesslike. It is eminently businesslike when taken in connexion with the "appreciation" of this country which the French arsenals and dockyards display in as lively a form as ever. The letter dictated by the French EMPEROR gives no new pledges to public morality. It does not commit the author to the

admission that an attack made by him upon the shores of England would be a foul act of piratical aggression. It leaves his moral future tolerably open. It deals not in frank protestations, but in appeals to historical antecedents susceptible of a double construction—to reminiscences, not present to all minds, of unbroken fidelity to our common cause in the Russian war—to the general confidence due to a right hand never pledged but in good faith, never held up to Heaven but in attestation of the truth. Our answer to these appeals is preparation—preparation purely defensive, and therefore uninvincible towards France and innocent towards mankind. So far from this preparation having hitherto interfered with the interchange of "appreciation" between this country and France, it has brought about a very marked alteration for the better in the reciprocal sentiments of the two nations. The party of freedom in France always honoured free England, and were honoured by her in return; but the volunteer movement seems to be filling even Imperialists with amity and respect. Let the "epidemic" of self-defence only become a chronic malady, deeply seated in the constitution of the whole English people, and the last clouds of apprehension and jealousy will vanish for ever before the steady sunshine of abiding confidence and peace. The "fear" which the French EMPEROR does us the honour to deprecate was only the emotion of a brave man in danger of being surprised by an enemy before he could reach down his sword. The sword is now reached, and the fear is past.

We shall not be saying anything rudely at variance with the French EMPEROR's asseverations when we avow our conviction that an invasion of England has hovered among other visions in that peopled study, so graphically portrayed the other day in the excellent speech of Mr. KINGLAKE, with its thoughtful occupant, its military library, and its suggestive collection of model implements of death. An affectionate offering which was sent some time since to the Irish grave of General ST. RUTH, the French commander of the Irish rebels in 1691, seemed even to indicate the course which, in accordance with French military tradition, the invasion was to take. But we have never apprehended an immediate fulfilment of this vision—much less do we apprehend it now. The present object seems to be rather to accumulate in formidable array the means of attacking England, in order to overawe her and hold her in check while effect is given to other schemes, though want of preparation on our part might tempt an instant blow. The geographical position of France relatively to the rival nations of Europe is such that the autocrat who commands her immense population and her vast military resources finds himself, strategically speaking, placed at an extraordinary advantage. He is, as NAPOLEON always aimed at being, on the chord of an arc round which the divisions of his antagonists are ranged, and is able at a moment's notice to throw a superior force on any point in the circumference. But the most exposed and tempting object in that circumference, since we have armed our seaboard, is Germany, especially if the self-interest of her petty sovereigns should persist, as at the time of the last French invasion, in distracting and paralyzing the national power. At Germany, unless it should please Heaven in some way to arrest this scourge of humanity, the next blow will be struck; and the people of England will have to consider, and had better lose no time in considering, what they will do, not only in the case of an attack on their own country (as to which their mind is pretty well made up), but also in case of an attack on a country whose fate will ultimately involve that of their own. The cause of all the nations threatened by the enormous aggressive preparations of the French EMPEROR is the same; and a nation which shrinks from doing its part for the common defence will not escape the common ruin. All the nations which entered Paris in 1814 and 1815 will have their turn. First Russia, then Austria, then Germany then England; and then the "cause" of Bonapartism will be triumphant, the "principle" of French ascendancy will have been asserted, and the "defeat" of Waterloo will have been avenged.

THE CONGRESS.

EVEN if the nomination of Lord COWLEY to represent England at the Congress has not yet been completed, the problem of selection is so difficult that it will probably be got rid of by the easiest solution. If no Minister can

be found fit to be trusted with full powers, there is a convenience in a plenipotentiary who may transmit the substance of telegrams from home without exercising any powers at all. In a case where a large discretion was necessarily entrusted to an envoy, Lord COWLEY, notwithstanding his great experience and recognised capacity, would not command the confidence or possess the authority which ought to belong to a principal member of a Congress. As long as the management of intercourse between Governments is entrusted to a distinct profession, diplomatic credentials will always be deficient in one important requisite. An ambassador who has lived all his life abroad necessarily loses the instinctive knowledge of public opinion which forces itself imperceptibly on the attention of all domestic politicians. A Minister may reproduce all the instructions of his Government, and enforce them by powerful arguments of his own, and yet he may fail to understand the real motives from which they arise, and the precise limits at which his pliability or his persistence must cease. Foreign statesmen are well aware that it is useless to influence an English Government in opposition to any deep national conviction, and they have sometimes shown a remarkable appreciation of the disadvantage which a professional diplomatist incurs by a long absence from home. Ministers who have been urging on foreign Governments the danger of provoking English susceptibility have been informed, with a courteous sneer, that it was impossible to judge of public feeling without the aid of observations on the spot. The report of the foreign agent in England receives the credit which is refused to the Englishman abroad, although it is true that the most cosmopolitan of diplomatic exiles understands his countrymen better than the acutest alien visitor. Another objection to the employment of diplomatists in any great political crisis is found in the sympathies which they have unavoidably contracted with Courts, and with the class to which they themselves belong. In their own estimation, as well as in the courteous language of the profession, the opponents whom they have to watch, and frequently to thwart, are their colleagues, and perhaps their personal friends. Their sympathies are always on the side of legitimacy, of crowned heads, and of old establishments, and it is only by an intellectual exertion that they can realize the rights which occasionally belong to communities at variance with their ruling dynasties. All the disadvantages which beset a foreign Minister operate most strongly when the scene of negotiation is the Court to which he has long been accredited. No man likes to make himself disagreeable to his host, and ambassadors are, after all, men. Lord COWLEY is believed to have performed his duties at Paris with ability and with zeal; but he complimented his official superior for his conduct in the Conspiracy business, and he assured Lord MALMESBURY, in last March or April, that the French Government was not arming. An equally able statesman, fresh from home, although he might have been less familiar with foreign business in general, would certainly not have fallen into either error.

The choice of English agents to the Congress is undoubtedly attended with serious difficulties, and strong objections may be raised to any of the candidates who might be put forward for the employment. The only plenipotentiaries who could be fairly placed over Lord COWLEY's head are two conspicuous members of the Cabinet, and one statesman who is at present out of office. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he has taken a strong interest in the Italian question, is charged with the business of a department which is both unconnected with foreign affairs and too important to be left without a chief on the eve of the Parliamentary session. The arguments in favour of Lord PALMERSTON were as obvious as the considerations by which they have been overruled. First in experience among the diplomatists of Europe, the PRIME MINISTER is assuredly not inferior either in ability or in reputation to any of the colleagues or rivals whom he might encounter. The country would perhaps be disposed to acquiesce in any tolerable results of the Congress in the belief that Lord PALMERSTON had secured the most favourable terms which were within the reach of any English Minister; and, on the other hand, foreign Powers would probably have assumed that the head of the Government was entitled to represent the national will. It is not known whether Lord PALMERSTON himself desired the appointment, and it would have been scarcely prudent to leave the helm of affairs unless he could have taken Lord JOHN RUSSELL with him, as Eastern monarchs drag princes of the blood and possible pretenders in their train when they go to the wars. The Cabinet in

general must have understood that, as far as the negotiations were concerned, their own position, in the absence of their chief at the Congress, would have resembled that of the Council at Calcutta when the GOVERNOR-GENERAL is exercising supreme authority at Allahabad or Simla. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's position would have been painfully absurd, whether he sent useless despatches to his official superior or acquiesced in the function of reading the correspondence from Paris a few hours before the subordinates in his office. Lord CASTLE-REAGH himself was bound, in point of form, to report his proceedings, at Paris or Vienna, to Lord LIVERPOOL; and both Ministers were united by a personal and political confidence which has not survived among the statesmen of the present day. In short, Lord PALMERSTON would have been a dictator at the Congress, and he would probably have found himself tripped up or supplanted on his return to England.

The selection of Lord JOHN RUSSELL would have been more consistent with official regularity, and perhaps he might, like his predecessors, have obtained the appointment if he had not been a plenipotentiary before. His opinions on the Italian question are as popular as they are sincere, but, unluckily, the country distrusts his diplomatic skill, and the Cabinet cannot but remember his unfortunate propensity for throwing his colleagues overboard whenever he is left to act without control. The Reform Bill, though it might have waited without detriment to the public interests, may have furnished a decorous excuse for the exclusion of the FOREIGN SECRETARY from the Congress. The decision is perhaps sound, yet the nomination of Lord JOHN RUSSELL as plenipotentiary would have furnished some additional security against the participation of England in the schemes which will probably be brought forward for crushing the independence of Italy. No advantage of the kind would have arisen from the appointment of Lord CLARENDON, who is understood to entertain opinions on Italian questions of which it is enough to say that they are altogether opposed to the unanimous wishes of the English people.

If the English plenipotentiary is to be a mere ambassador or agent, it by no means follows that the Government which he represents is to hold a secondary place in the Congress, or merely to countersign the provisions of Zurich. The portion of responsibility which is removed from the shoulders of Lord COWLEY will fall on the Ministry at home, and especially on the PREMIER and the FOREIGN SECRETARY. Eloquence has fortunately no place in a Congress of Great Powers, and the substance of all necessary decisions may be communicated by the telegraphic wire as accurately as in an oral conference. There is occasionally an advantage in the employment of an agent who is unable, from his avowedly limited powers, to commit his principal. When irrelevant proposals about the Belgian press or the Hungarian constitution are brought forward, Lord COWLEY will be able to protest that he has no instructions, when a Secretary of State might have thought it suitable to his dignity to give an answer in the name of his Government.

The course which the deliberations of the Congress are to take remains for the present obscure. It is possible that France may have either established an understanding with Austria or have determined to co-operate with Russia, or even with England. If the majority of the great Powers really wish to adopt the only rational mode of dealing with Italy, Lord COWLEY's skill and experience will be useful in facilitating, as far as possible, a transaction not easily reconcilable with absolutist traditions. If there is a serious diplomatic conflict, the rule of English policy is plain; and it becomes the duty of the plenipotentiary to resist all proposals which exceed the legitimate powers of a Congress. The reconquest of emancipated provinces is not the business of any combination of foreign Governments. It would be far better that France or Austria should be guilty of open usurpation than that a Congress should give a show of legal right to an unjust intervention. Lord PALMERSTON, or even Lord JOHN RUSSELL, might have laid down the rule with greater authority, but Lord COWLEY, if he receives proper instructions, will have no difficulty in making himself understood.

MEAN AND CRUEL LEGISLATION.

MR. COBDEN might make himself a vast deal more useful to his friends in Lancashire. A little accurate information to save them from gross blunders would be a thousand times more valuable than the assurance that an English traveller feels himself perfectly safe in his Paris

lodgings. Why on earth should Mr. COBDEN imagine that the least importance attaches to his conviction of security? The very suggestion provokes the uncivil reflection that the Emperor of the FRENCH knows his own interests much too well to molest Mr. COBDEN under any conceivable circumstances. For our part, we should as soon expect him, in the event of a war with England, to burn one of his own dockyards.

But Mr. COBDEN is aware of the importance of accuracy of statement, particularly when figures are concerned. He must have observed that his friend, Mr. BRIGHT, has spoken of English fiscal legislation as "mean and cruel," and has asserted that a "greater proportion of the heaviest taxation" in the world is thrown upon the class possessing no property but its labour and wages than is the case in any other country with whose system of taxation we are "acquainted." When Mr. BRIGHT contrasts England with some other country unfavourably, one's first impression is that he means the United States of America; but, inasmuch as the entire Federal expenditure of the United States is defrayed from duties on importation—a large number of which have a double incidence from being protective—it may be presumed that he alludes to some other "country with which we are acquainted." We confess ourselves not familiar with the fiscal system of Burmah and Cochin-China, and are driven to confine ourselves to the European States; but of these each seems worse than another in the proportion of taxation which it "throws" on the class possessing no property but its labour and "wages." Let us take France, however. It is close at hand—it has no aristocracy—its Government is convinced of the blessings of peace—and there is Mr. COBDEN to prosecute the necessary inquiries. Now, for Mr. BRIGHT's sake, let Mr. COBDEN be persuaded to question the first labouring man he meets—let us say, the driver of his next *voiture de remise*—as to the amount of taxation levied on the French working classes. Mr. COBDEN will find that his coachman wears a cloth coat when driving, and a blouse when at home, which have paid excise duties in several stages of manufacture, and which have their price enhanced besides by extravagant protective duties. Mr. COBDEN will further find that the person he is questioning pays protective and octroi duties on his meat, bread, butter, vegetables, and firewood—that the salt with which he seasons his soup pays a higher excise than almost any other article of consumption—that the wine he drinks pays a heavy special duty—that the tobacco he smokes is a *Government monopoly*—that the coffee and sugar he consumes are burdened with immense differential duties in favour of the French planters in the colonies and the beet-root growers at home—that he pays tax on his license, tax on his house, tax on his savings. These facts being ascertained—and Mr. COBDEN is too honest to conceal them—let Mr. BRIGHT's attention be called to the case of the London cabman. He does not pay one farthing of duty on any article which he or his family wear—unless, indeed, his wife has a taste for silk, lace, and foreign ribbons. He is absolutely tax-free as regards his house, his meat, his vegetables, and his bread. If he saves money, he will contribute nothing from it to the expenses of the State unless he accumulates more than *100*l.** a year. If he is reduced to poverty, he can come on "the richer classes" to support him and to support his family out of a fund provided by themselves exclusively, while, under similar circumstances, there is nothing left for the Frenchman except to die in a ditch or a kennel. If he smokes a pipe, or drinks tea, or indulges in beer, he is mulcted by the State of a sum which, compared with the imposts paid by the French labourer, is what mathematicians call "a vanishing quantity." Life, however, may be supported without tea, beer, and tobacco. There is, in fact, one country in the world besides Utopia and Atlantis in which a man can live without paying taxes, and be healthier and stronger for so living—and that country is England.

The annual revenue of the French Empire is rather less than two thousand millions of francs, or eighty million pounds sterling. Of this amount somewhat less than a fourth is raised by direct taxation, the heaviest part of which falls on the small peasant-proprietary. The residue, with insignificant exceptions, is the produce of indirect taxation, consisting, in an enormous proportion, of imposts levied on articles which enter into the consumption of the poor as much as of the rich. The Customs bring in about one hundred and eighty millions—far the largest number of

the duties being heavily protective. The Excise is exorbitant, and touches a variety of commodities wholly untaxed in England. To take the larger items, more than one hundred and fifty millions of francs are levied on potable liquors, and about forty millions on salt. Then there are the Government monopolies. Tobacco, sold by the State, produces about one hundred and eighty millions, and gunpowder about twelve millions; while the profits of the Post-office, which have been virtually surrendered in England for the public benefit, amount in France to between fifty and sixty millions. Besides this, a complicated system of stamp and license-duties hampers trade and raises prices; and, if the consumer lives in a town, he pays an octroi duty in addition on every article of food, from the dearest to the cheapest. This "mean and cruel" system is consummated by a tax of uncertain incidence, but of incalculable oppressiveness and undoubted "cruelty"—the military conscription, which mulets a large portion of the male population of the best years of their lives. There is even something more than this to be said. A good deal of the money thus collected is remitted to the provinces for local expenditure, and corresponds, therefore, with our local taxation. The labouring man in France helps, therefore, to pay the local taxes, of which the English peasant and operative can scarcely be said to pay one farthing. This is a point which has escaped the attention of our financial agitators. Mr. BRIGHT said not one word about the local taxes; and, in a pretended exposition of the hard treatment which labour was receiving at the hands of property, he actually had the assurance to keep silence on the Poor-rate. Grant that he forgot the County-rate, the Church-rate, and all those various and rapidly-increasing imposts which pay for the sanitary improvement of towns, or rather of their poorer quarters, what lapse of memory can explain his omission of the faintest allusion to an enormous burden with which the "rich" are saddled for the direct benefit of the "poor?" However, our present purpose is merely to point out that there is nothing like a Poor-rate in France. The labouring classes, emancipated by three Revolutions and in the enjoyment of universal suffrage, are taxed on every article they eat, drink, or wear; the local as well as the Imperial expenditure is defrayed by them; but if the French labourer falls into poverty, there is nothing for him except to starve, unless his starvation is so lingering as to entitle him to a place in the hospital.

THE MODERN POLICY OF ENGLAND.

THE French have taken a somewhat different view of the results of the Italian war from that usually entertained in England. Here we have paraded the EMPEROR as the master of the situation. We have supposed him to have attained an impregnable position, and have looked to France as a great gainer by the war in prestige and influence, if not in material advantages. On the other side of the Channel, there is a very general feeling that France has not had much of a triumph. It is supposed that some sort of trick has been played on the country, and that the French have been defrauded of the great achievements which were within their reach. In fact, they fear they have been made to look rather small; and as people who have undergone an unexpected mortification are apt to look for a victim whom they may abuse until they have relieved their feelings and restored their spirits, the French have fastened on England, and have exaggerated the advantages we have gained by our inactivity, just as we have exaggerated the result they have attained by the waste of all their blood and treasure. Even in circles which in the main cleave to England as the guide of their policy, and honour her as the mistress of free political thought, the greatest irritation has been repeatedly expressed at the high position which we have gained by simply doing nothing. In calmer moments, these unfriendly critics acknowledge that we have done nothing more than adhere to a policy which has gradually established itself here as the true and wise one for us, and that we were quite at liberty to decline interference when interference could do no good. But still the practical result has been, that England is now the champion of the Italian liberty for which France fought, and it is not to be expected that the French should like this. It must also be remembered that the policy of leaving other nations alone except when there is a clear duty of interference, is one which it has scarcely entered into the heart of ten Frenchmen ever to conceive en-

endurable. It is a policy that belongs exclusively to minor States, or to timid despotisms, or to States where political liberty is firmly established. The French wish to lead Europe; they believe as firmly as the Chinese that their capital is the eye of the universe; their despotism is deeply imbued with the restlessness and audacity natural to its revolutionary origin; and they have not the opportunity of correcting their prejudices by free public discussion. The policy, therefore, which has had, as we must acknowledge, a success during the last few months greater than can be expected for it in the long run, is strange and almost incredible to them. It happens that just now, England, by not fighting, enjoys a greater weight in the councils of Europe than she has done at any period since the Revolution of February. This cannot always be the result of non-intervention; but at the very time when the French are forced to examine the new policy of England, they find it abnormally successful, and every one knows the state of mind apt to be created by discovering that a neighbour derives a singular profit from conduct that seems unusually eccentric. The French are even more suspicious than jealous, and they interpret the non-intervention of England as intended to be, in some inexplicable way, a means of annoying and humiliating France.

Fortunately, however, whatever else fails in France, the intellect of France never fails. There is so much mental activity and so much high ability in the country, that, sooner or later, some man of eminence is sure to come forward and submit to the consideration of that limited portion of the nation that reflects at all, the considerations which reason and an appreciation of European as opposed to French interests naturally suggest. How far these voices of exceptional protest have any real effect in combating the deeply-felt and widely-spread prejudices of the French public, it is hard to say. But at any rate, they are sure to make themselves heard. If we are acting rightly, we may always rely on having some few champions in France. English policy, like any other great and interesting problem, makes active minds eager to solve it; and where there is compass and independence of thought, a solution approximating to the truth is sure to be hit on and divulged by some thinker. It always gives us the greatest pleasure to come across these manifestations of sound reason and honest boldness in a people with whom we are so closely connected by many political interests, and still more by the common ties of European education. One or two conspicuous instances have presented themselves lately. In the height of the war fever which a few weeks ago was being excited against England, M. PEYRAT, in the columns of the *Presse*, had the courage to explain to his countrymen not only that the preparations of England were strictly defensive, and perfectly justifiable, but also that it was of the greatest advantage to France that the only ally whose alliance impelled France in the direction of freedom should be so prepared that a senseless war between the two countries should be placed out of all likelihood. More recently, M. FORCADE, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has invited his readers to consider what the modern policy of England really means, how it has sprung up, and what is the real point to which it tends. Nothing could be more temperate, just, and accurate than his summary. He shows what we know so well here, but what is so little known or remembered in France—that the opinions of Englishmen have undergone a silent, steady, continuous change during the last forty years. NAPOLEON forced us to regard France as WILLIAM III. and Lord CHATHAM had regarded her—as the enemy not only of England, but of Europe, the great bar to peace, the firebrand that must be extinguished if we were to exist in safety. The character and issue of the French Revolution had implanted in the hearts of Englishmen a conviction that liberty was understood on the Continent to mean something from which we recoiled, and therefore our policy was simply directed to crush France and to keep our liberty for ourselves. When peace gave us time to attend to our home affairs, we began to push on in the path of political reform. The principles and the possibilities of freedom were more widely canvassed, and were tested by the results of increasing experience. We awoke to the conviction that liberty was not a thing exclusively English, and, as conversion is eminently a national taste, we began to encourage abroad what we valued ourselves. We tried our hand at propagating free government in half a dozen of the minor States of Europe, and France in time imitated and co-operated with us. Experience has since warned us that, in

escaping one error, we fell into another. That we did no service to the countries which we aided in the formation of free governments, and that our efforts were wholly a failure, is quite untrue. The policy of intervention in behalf of freedom which was connected with the names of CANNING and Lord PALMERSTON has wrought benefits to many small States which they could never have gained for themselves. But we found that the habit of intervention led us on to promise what we could not perform, and to raise expectations that we could not fulfil without embarking in a general war. We found also that our co-operation with France entangled us with the schemes of the despotism which it has been the choice or the destiny of the French to substitute for a free government. While, therefore, our general policy is the same—while our sympathy with free nations, and with the sections of nations that desire freedom, increases rather than diminishes—we are very shy of interfering unless we see that we shall be doing a work quite within our power to achieve and carry out, and tangibly and unmistakably beneficial. We have also come to the conclusion that we cannot co-operate with France unless we are sure that the policy of France is substantially liberal; and we are determined to abstain from backing up wars or congresses or schemes of any sort intended only to maintain in France a form of government with which we have no sympathy.

All this is so familiar to most of us that it may seem rather a small thing that M. FORCADE, or any other foreigner, should have understood and expressed it. But it must be remembered that a Frenchman even more distinguished than M. FORCADE, quite as friendly to England, possessing an extraordinary acquaintance with English literature, and connected with England by family ties, has lately shown that he knows nothing of the modern policy of this country, nor of the changes in public opinion with regard to foreign affairs which the last half century has witnessed among us. M. DE MONTALEMBERT was indignant that we had abandoned that policy of reckless opposition to France, which, if it had still existed, he thought might now have been eminently serviceable to the Roman Catholic Church. He could not comprehend how it had come to pass that we had shown ourselves such unworthy successors of CHATHAM, PITT, and BURKE. Nor is the exact truth always presented to the minds of the English public. The policy of non-intervention is sometimes interpreted, not with reference to the whole history of the years that have elapsed since the Treaty of Vienna, but with reference to the peculiar circumstances of the late Italian war. It is sometimes stated as an invariable principle that England has nothing to do with the affairs of Europe—a view of which it need only be said that no man who ever held high office ever did or could entertain it. It is also sometimes affirmed that the English people are resolved, once for all, to engage in no war henceforth in which England is not directly attacked. This is evidently a hasty conclusion from the feeling with which the Italian war has been regarded, and M. FORCADE deserves great credit for seeing and stating that there is not the slightest reason for supposing that England has any deeply-laid policy of abstaining altogether from war. On the contrary, one of the greatest difficulties which a new Reform Bill entail will be that of restraining the passion and enthusiasm of pothouse politicians, their auditors and delegates, for war. There are many towns in England in which thousands of persons could be easily persuaded to support a resolution calling on Government to order the English navy at once into the centre of Hungary. We hope and believe that wiser counsels will prevail; but we must freely admit that a foreigner is quite right in saying that the intentions and disposition of England are not to be judged of solely by the history of the last few months, and that we have neither condemned ourselves to a perpetual abnegation of our position in Europe and its consequent duties, nor ensured ourselves for ever against a popular clamour for war being effectually raised.

THE "INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE."

THE "Lively" Member is a provoking, bewildering, disconcerting creature, who, in return for his vote and his reputation for originality, is allowed the privilege of saying the wrong thing in the wrong place. A kind of domesticated war-elephant, like the elephants of PYRRHUS, he is always throwing his own ranks into confusion. He is in-

corrigibly candid, has a terrible flow of spirits, is unwieldy in his mirth. How he petrifies his friends! How he amuses the enemy! How wildly he ignores the considerations of etiquette! Yet he is forgiven—invariably forgiven. The Red Indians will not tomahawk a “singing” man. Quarter is always granted in Parliamentary battles to the “lively” member. Why should his life be taken? Who is to take it? The opposite side, without an exception, are in his favour, and express themselves so loudly in his praise that his own party are persuaded into thinking him a prodigy. Day by day his impunity increases, and his glory grows. He says what he likes. He waxes more plain-spoken, more moral, more jocose, more abominably disinterested than ever. Time rolls on, and he becomes an institution.

The “lively” member is not by any means invariably a Liberal. *Grata Protervitas* sits upon no benches exclusively to the prejudice of the rest. Berkshire and Worcestershire, as well as Liskeard and Tamworth, have the honour of perpetuating the breed. An independent Conservative of a vivacious turn of mind is, after all, nothing more or less than a political Bloomer. He is above the weaknesses of his sex. He is almost of the epicene gender. He dislikes conventional harness and apparel, and, prevented by the veto of nature from ranking as a Liberal, is determined to act as like one as her organic laws will allow. He says strange things, and is an uncomfortably superior person. Still, as he votes in the right lobby, not much harm is done. Malignant critics may regard his freaks as affectation, but he himself has the consolation of knowing that they are the marks of genius.

In order that Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE may not have everything their own way, and to preserve the balance of frivolity, Fortune has given Mr. STURT to the Conservative cause. He enjoys a proud position as the *enfant terrible* of Lord DERBY's following. On the first night of the Reform debate, last spring, this gentleman performed the no longer unusual feat of speaking against his party and voting with them. He has this week delivered an harangue at Sturminster, remarkable for the number and the agricultural character of its witticisms. In it he reaffirms substantially the same rough and ready sentiments that he gave to the world some months ago. His plan for settling the political difficulties of the day is a simple one—to bring to bear upon them the unassisted light of the human intellect. What is the panacea for all diseases of the State? Common sense. Had Mr. STURT been consulted betimes, Lord PALMERSTON, he tells us, might have been saved his defeat in 1858, and Lord DERBY his overthrow in 1859. From the past the advocate of common sense draws a warning for the future. Couched in language which is, to say the least of it, colloquial, his advice to Ministers is—to follow public opinion. The prescription is almost worthy of the famous Mr. ABERNETHY. It certainly is not the first time that we have heard this suggestion, but it is the first time we have heard it put forward as a great discovery. Such, however, are the unvarnished thoughts of Mr. STURT, laid before us in a most decidedly unvarnished oration.

Neither the rollicking character of his eloquence nor the profundity of his system would entitle him to notice, were it not that he is in some degree the representative of a class. The Independent Conservative is becoming almost as frequent a phenomenon as the Independent Liberal. It is true that he gives less trouble to the party whip. His independence, being as yet little more than a mere sentiment, seldom leads him, on a critical division, to separate himself from his leaders and allies. But it is not uncommon of late days to hear the name of Reform upon Conservative lips, and protests against faction and partisanship in the mouths of the legitimate heirs of many a political tradition of intrigue. The Spirit of the Anti-Jacobin rests quietly in its grave. The days of Attic wit and personal encounter have given place to times of peace. The squib, the satire, and the song that vexed the righteous souls of Whig and Radical have passed away, and left but a sad dying echo of themselves behind in the dreary threnodies penned weekly by a dwindling and disappointed clique. What spirit of antagonism yet survives, survives with those few Tory leaders who, like Mr. DISRAELI, still feed upon the memory of historical feud, and are loth to remember that the present is not the past. While the world lasts, as long as human nature remains unchanged, Conservatism, either as an instinct or a principle, will rule many minds for the better or the worse. But ancient acerbities are

fading, the outlines of old parties are sensibly softening one down and melting fast into each other. If, on the one hand, there is no reason to suppose that England is henceforth for ever to be exempt from the storms of political contention, on the other, we may safely conjecture that neither the battle-field nor the belligerents will be the same as they have been. The conflict, if any be reserved for us, will be between extreme and moderate progressive views, no longer between Liberalism and Conservatism, between the spirit of Freedom and Reform, and the ghost of obstruction and abuse. The appearance of Independent Conservatives is an index of this great and silent change.

So long as Independent Conservatives distinguish themselves from the rest of the body by an avowed determination not to paralyse the Government of the country with a merely factious or ambitious opposition, all hail the Independent Conservative! For those who will not help to row the boat, the next best thing is to sit still. But if to be an Independent Conservative is to think with Mr. STURT that public opinion should be the only compass for a Minister to steer by, wherein consists the propriety of the name? Of what does Mr. STURT propose to be Conservative beyond place and salary? Except so far as he may rejoice in the title of farmers' friend, cultivate rustic eloquence by choice, or expect office for his allies from Lord DERBY, to all intents and purposes he is a milk-and-water Liberal. His rude criticism may occasionally weaken the hands of his leaders (though how far Mr. STURT is a formidable critic is a question); but it is far from showing that he is capable of striking out a new Conservative policy, or of reforming the Conservative ranks. He has given up the principle of obstruction on the plea that it cannot be successful; what principle has he substituted in its place? Mr. STURT is, at best, but a hybrid politician. Independent enough, no doubt, but how Conservative? Common sense, as Mr. STURT applies the word, means nothing more or less than absence of deliberate opinion—that impartiality of mind whose only bias is towards the winning horse. That men should cease to shackle themselves with obsolete prejudices, and should be ready fairly to investigate political problems in all their bearings, is a hopeful symptom of the times. But the decay of party feeling need not necessarily imply, as it does in too many cases, the decay of all political conviction.

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE NAVY.

ALL the changes which have been made of late years in the discipline and regulation of the army and the navy have been in one direction. Almost every fresh order which has been issued has been designed to remove some needless annoyance to which sailors or soldiers were subjected, or to improve their lot by providing them with the means of reasonable enjoyment and comfort. In the army, there are schools, and lectures, and games, to occupy the spare time of the men; and in food, in clothing, and in barrack accommodation some improvement takes place every year. Irksome regulations have been at the same time modified, and discipline has gained by the change. In the navy, there has been an equal disposition to improve the condition of the men. If any little grievance about the men's kits or traps, or any detail of their daily life is complained of, Parliament at once votes the money which may be necessary to redress it. In almost every particular life on board a man-of-war has become far more comfortable than it was when the Nile and Trafalgar were fought.

The greatest boon of all—exemption from the lash—has been at length conceded to sailors, no less than soldiers; and if the classes from whom our fighting men are drawn are amenable to influences which are supposed to have power over all men, both the army and the navy might be expected to become more and more popular every day. Fifty years ago, the QUEEN's service, whether by land or sea, was scarcely looked upon as an occupation which any man would deliberately accept of his own free will. Recruits were entrapped into the one service and pressed into the other, and the remedy for any disaffection which might result from this unpromising mode of raising the required levies was sought in sharper discipline and more abundant lashes. The changes which have since been made are not mere mitigations of an old and rather harsh system, but amount in substance to the recognition of a new principle. The old plan was to get your men by force or fraud, and rule them with a rod of iron. The modern system is to allure men into the army or the fleet by offering them such a life

as a self-respecting man might reasonably choose, and to secure hearty obedience, not by severity, and still less by weak indulgence, but by a firm assertion of authority, combined with a kindly thoughtfulness for the welfare of the men themselves. Two words suffice to express the contrast between the old and the new theories. The idea of the one was to govern men by Force—that of the other is to treat them with Consideration.

It is undeniable that we have not reaped all the advantage which this change of system ought to have produced. There is no question that the spirit of all the modern improvements is right, and that their comparative failure is due to independent causes. Not a voice, whether within or beyond the ranks of the two services, would be raised in favour of a return to the harsh rules of fifty years ago, even if it were not impossible to retract the admission which has been made by acts even more than by words, that soldiers and sailors ought to be treated with humanity and consideration. Discipline must, above all things, be maintained; and if this is to be done effectually, it must be by securing the goodwill rather than by appealing to the fears of the men. It is, therefore, a matter of the first importance that caprice or want of tact on the part of officers, of whatever rank, should not be allowed to defeat the efforts which have been made to raise the service of the country in the estimation of recruits, and to secure the cheerful and contented obedience of those who are already enrolled. No one, of course, can attempt to justify such insubordination as was shown by a considerable portion of the crew of the *Princess Royal*. Strictly speaking, no amount of irritation can excuse or even palliate mutiny. Obedience must be insisted on to orders, whether discreet or indiscreet. It may, perhaps, be a question whether the punishment of the ringleaders might not have afforded a sufficient example; but it must be admitted that no caprice or provocation on the part of those whom the crews were bound to obey could be admitted as a defence to the charge on which more than 100 of them have been consigned to Winchester gaol. It is not at all as apologists for the mutineers, harshly as they may have been treated, that we desire that the inquiry into the causes of the unfortunate riot should be strict and searching. It is not suggested that the crew of the *Princess Royal* were tainted with the slightest disaffection when they arrived in harbour. So far as appears, they were on the best terms with their officers, and as little likely to mutiny as any crew in the service. The whole disturbance is clearly proved to have resulted from the unaccountable and inconsistent orders which were given in answer to the application for leave. If it had been desired to test the loyalty and discipline of the choicest body of men in the service, it would not have been easy to hit upon a severer trial than to grant them two days' leave, and after they had reached the shore to order them peremptorily to return to their ship. One can imagine a model regiment, drilled into forgetfulness of human emotion, being proof against a temptation as severe as this, though it would be a rather dangerous experiment to try on any man. But Jack is especially susceptible on two subjects—liberty and fair play—and it can hardly be said that the men of the *Princess Royal* got either one or the other.

We have no right to suppose that the order for leave was recalled with any positive intention of treating the men harshly or unfairly. Probably the whole affair was a blunder. Some Admiralty order is said to prohibit, with or without reason, the granting of leave beyond a single day to ships situated as the *Princess Royal* was. The indulgence granted at first by the Port-Admiral may therefore have been a technical offence against the rules and regulations of the service. For this or some other reason the concession hastily made was as hastily revoked, and the unlucky crew were made to bear the brunt of the mistake of the Admiral in command. Possibly the investigation which has very properly been directed since the conclusion of the Courts-martial may bring out some other explanation of the contradictory orders issued by the Admiral; but whatever the precise facts may prove to be, this at least is established—that, apart from any technical rules, the original request for leave was perfectly reasonable, and was so considered by Commander JOSLING, by Captain BAILLIE, and in the first instance by Admiral BOWLES also. It was preferred in the most respectful way, and the liberty-men went ashore on the Saturday with leave to remain absent until the following Monday. If we suppose that, for some mysterious reason, this concession was an irregularity on the

part of the Admiral, surely it might have occurred to him that it was better that the service should suffer the imaginary inconvenience supposed to be involved in the liberty granted to the crew of the *Princess Royal*, than that the men should be exposed to a needless provocation against which no discipline could be expected to be proof.

While such lamentable mistakes are committed from time to time, it will be in vain to attempt to conciliate the seafaring population to the Royal Navy. Flogging may be abolished, comforts and even pay may be increased, bounty may be offered, but sailors will not join a service where they are liable to be goaded into misconduct by the caprice of their officers, and then sent to gaol to expiate their own impatience and the blunders of their superiors. It is true that such affairs as that of the *Princess Royal* are not of every-day occurrence, and that from their captain and officers the crew of a man-of-war do in general get treated with the consideration which they have a fair right to look for. But a sentence which condemns a hundred seamen to gaol will not be soon forgotten, and will probably, for a long time to come, neutralize all the good effect which the abolition of the lash would otherwise have produced. Time alone will wear out the unfavourable impression about the navy which, from one or another cause, has so long prevailed; but unless some precautions are taken to prevent in future so capricious an exercise of power as that which caused the mutiny in the *Princess Royal*, it will be no easy task to muster either the active or the reserve force which we may need at any moment for the defence of the country.

TURKISH POLYGAMY.

THE text of the SULTAN's sumptuary edict which is henceforward to regulate the dress and habits of Turkish women has been received in England. The ordinance amounts to this—that women are to abstain as much as possible from paying visits; or, if they insist upon making calls, are to dress in dark cloth robes and yellow morocco boots. We suppose the reason of this forced return to "costume consecrated by all the traditions" is pretty well known in England. Turkey, like a few other countries suddenly opened to Western civilization, has received rather too much of it, and has found one or two of its most recent refinements somewhat overpowering. The country has been overrun with a plague of milliners' bills. The ladies of the Imperial harem had let their accounts run up to so superhuman a figure that the State finances, which contribute to the SULTAN's civil list exactly what the SULTAN pleases, had fallen into utter disorder; and confusion on a more modest scale was reigning in all private dwellings. The sex in Constantinople has found, however, what it is to have a Turk for a husband; and gentlemen sued for their wives' bills may now plead before the Mufti that crinoline and diamonds are illegal under the statute of ABDUL MEDJID. It may seem ridiculous to say that Englishmen have any interest in the matter, and still more preposterous to hint that our sympathies ought to be entirely with the Turkish ladies. Yet there is much reason to think that the new Turkish crisis which is always impending over us would be removed to a greater distance if the ladies of the seraglio should succeed, as it is said they will, in getting the tyrannical edict repealed.

Some of the effects of polygamy in a country circumstanced as Turkey is do not seem to be much noticed on the Western side of Europe. We are accustomed to speak of the moral debasement which it occasions to the individual, but are scarcely aware to what an extent it loosens and almost dissolves society. There has been nothing in Europe like the situation of the richer Turks in Constantinople since the days of the old Roman aristocracy. The Roman noble, passing the greater part of his life among a multitude of slaves and freedmen domesticated in his house, was not unlike the great Turkish official in his harem—with the difference, however, that the Roman lived with men who were in many cases intellectually his superiors, while the Turk lives among beings kept purposely down to the lowest level of humanity. The consequences, however, have been partially alike. As of old in the tempestuous times of the falling Roman Republic, so now in the latter days of the Turkish Empire, there is no true social bond among the members of the class which ought to control the destinies of the country. Two Turkish officials, meeting for public business, are more like two plenipotentiaries delegated by independent

nations than like two subjects of the same Sovereign or two members of the same community. There is no common ground between them, and no common understanding. Each is absolutely ignorant of the private life and habits of the other, and there is nothing in Turkey like those invisible threads of connexion which unite the various members of a Western society together through their being enveloped by the same atmosphere of general opinion. From these causes, principally, spring the two great obstacles to improvements in the government of Turkey—the shamelessness of the ablest public men, and their utter mistrust of one another. The Turkish official oligarchy is, in fact, composed of men who are as much strangers to each other as an Englishman is to a Russian. No man knows his neighbour. No man cares for his neighbour's judgment on his acts. All that passes between man and man is false and artificial, and wears a much closer resemblance to diplomacy than to social intercourse. There is some fear of treachery and some of despotic power, but a complete absence of those feelings which, apart from moral restraints, are the springs of self-control in the west of Europe.

All contemporary observers of Turkey are agreed that of late years there had been some slight mitigation of these evils, though the mitigating influence has at present shown its worst side. Unquestionably, though the men stood still, the women were in progress towards something better. Something like a society was growing up in Constantinople. The ladies of different households were beginning to mingle much more freely than of old, and a plentiful crop of the rivalries and scandals which spring up wherever ladies meet together was coming into bud. For the moment, the symptoms of the change were not of an eminently satisfactory complexion. It made itself felt in a great increase of expenditure on feminine ornament, and a great increase of female influence in political intrigues. Both of these novelties had, however, their favourable aspect. The great Turkish ladies, besides competing in splendour and costliness of dress, had already, it is said, begun to understand rivalry of a more honourable character, and, if too old themselves to learn the accomplishments of Western Christendom, had thoughts of teaching their daughters to excel in the infidel arts of music and conversation. Education, in short, has been growing slightly into fashion. Perhaps, too, an imperceptible elevation of female intellect may have had something to do with the part recently taken by women in the intrigues which have successively displaced so many Ministries—though the common belief is that these changes were simply brought about through the more frequent intercourse which has grown up between households, and which naturally multiplies the opportunities of combination and collusion. Yet even in this case it is something gained for Turkey that her chief men know more of each other, even though at first they should only use their knowledge to take advantage of each other's weak points.

Until all Europe is again called in to a consultation at its "sick man's" bedside, the establishment of a better understanding and a better state of relations between the members of its official class is the best thing which can happen to Turkey. Up to the present time, the excellent reforms enacted by the SULTAN have been frustrated less by the difficulties which are usually dwelt upon, than by the old sores of Turkish Government—corruption and mistrust. The Turkish administrators of the present day are much better qualified for their duty in some respects than is commonly supposed. There is no want of energy and intelligence among them, but in two points they are exactly like their great-grandfathers—they do not trust one another, and they do not care for one another. Nothing will set this right except the growth, if not of a public opinion, at least of a class-opinion, and nothing will generate opinion except a quicker movement in Turkish society. The ladies of Constantinople, headed by the inmates of the Imperial seraglio, were doing something, in a rather unsatisfactory way, to break up the old stagnation and to fuse together the insulated groups of which society has hitherto consisted. It is a pity that they should be stopped in so laudable an undertaking. Polygamy will always produce enough of evil, but there is no human institution so desperately bad as not to admit of amelioration. There will always be a low public morality in Constantinople, but public men may be taught to speculate less audaciously and act together more cordially than they do in their present state of isolation.

SUCCESS.

MR. SMILES, the biographer of George Stephenson, has written a book called *Self-Help*, in which he has collected a wonderful number of stories showing how men get on in the world. The literary merit of the work is very great, and few authors have so successfully surmounted the difficulty of weaving into a connected and pleasant narrative a long string of anecdotes. But as the volume must be read to have justice done to it, and as we could scarcely notice its contents in detail without extracting pages of quotation, we wish to pass over the book itself more lightly than it deserves, and merely refer generally to the great subject of which it treats. If the golden calf was interesting, as we may suppose it to have been, to the Israelites, success must be interesting to Englishmen. How some men do what thousands of others long to do, is a problem worth solving. Mr. Smiles solves it with tolerable fullness and accuracy. Men succeed because they take pains to succeed. Industry is the secret of success, as the experience of numberless successful men amply proves. Patience, said Buffon, is genius; and those who are marked out from their fellows are much more often distinguished by unusual resolution and perseverance than by unusual gifts. If any one wishes to know why other men succeed more than he does, let him begin to get up at five o'clock. The first morning or two nothing can be easier. The excitement of novelty, and the buoyant hope which springs from the consciousness of a great aim, will enable him to turn out as cheerfully and determinedly at five as at nine; but the third morning and the fourth will begin to tell. There will be no visible effect produced by his exertions. No one will care whether he is grinding over a hard book near a fire, which, as he probably lit it himself, is very unlikely to burn, or whether he is snoozing between his warm sheets. If he perseveres, early rising will become a habit, and then it will be as easy to him to get up at one hour as another; but there is a preliminary weariness before a habit is formed, and after the first novelty is over, which, with the vast majority of men, puts a quiet extinguisher on ambition. Certainly it is not necessary to get up early in order to be very industrious, but some equal sacrifice must be made. If the work is to come after dinner, the enjoyment of dinner must be proportionately diminished. If every odd and end of time is to be employed in the daytime, the aspirant must have the fortitude to resist all the calls of friends, visitors, love-making, creditors, and other persons who waste or occupy time. Nor is hard work a mere affair of will. The body has to be taxed as well as the mind, and the body is apt to display an ignorant impatience of taxation. A man who requires sleep, but cannot sleep if his mind is excited, may bid adieu to the steep ascents of unusual advancement, while the man who can do without sleep is at once raised above his fellows if he chooses to exert his faculties. Lord Brougham, it is said, once kept awake from a Monday morning until Saturday evening again brought round the day of profound slumber. How can a person who is never fresh unless he gets from eleven at night till eight the next morning compete with such a wakeful prodigy? So great are the capacities of body and mind which enormous work requires, that in all probability extreme labour is very rarely undergone simply for the rewards it will lead to. The capacities exist, and it is the pleasure of exercising extraordinary faculties much more than the prospect of eventual distinction that impels men to absorb their lives in continual industry. When, for instance, we hear of a violin-player being asked by a disciple how long it would take to learn that instrument, and replying, "twelve hours a day for twenty years," we may be sure that the delight of fiddling, and not the hope of being a fiddler, had lured him on to proficiency. But whatever may be the motive to unusual effort and industry, and to the devotion of a life to particular objects, it is indisputable that men must spurn delights and live laborious days who desire to excel.

The second great requisite of success is a largeness of aim and view. Patience is genius, not only in the sense that patient industry leads to excellence, but also in the sense that the industrious man must be patient and be prepared to bide his time. "The successful man," said Joseph de Maistre, "is the man who knows how to wait." The necessity of this kind of patience exhibits itself at every turn of a man's life. One industrious man is so anxious to learn that he devours what is set before him without reflection, and has never made his own what he has read. Another goes slowly, but surely, and what he acquires becomes a part of his own mind. Then the tenacity of an industrious man is often tested by small certainties of success being thrown in his way, which may easily tempt him to abandon the larger hopes of the future. After a certain quantity of exertion has been gone through, and while the avenues of great success still seem all closed, it is sweet for the moment to be gently put on a small, comfortable shelf; but, a little later, it becomes evident that by this process the real value of the preceding work has been thrown away. The patience of men is also assailed by the sight of others who succeed to some limited extent by the use of petty arts. That charlatanism flourishes in the world is never more than partly true. It does flourish, but it is rated, even at the hour when its bay-tree is the greenest, at a lower level than the success of genuine effort and high-minded independence. The world is, in most respects, a just world, and it never puts the quacks whom it patronizes on an equality with its true men. But there are moments in the life of every struggling man when it seems foolish

and Quixotic to aim at a high and impossible success while plausibility, and intrigue, and pushing get so very handsome a share of the loaves and fishes. There is a story of Abernethy which illustrates the audacity of self-denying independence sometimes required of and exhibited by a man who ultimately makes the world bend to him, instead of himself bending to the world. When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon a rich grocer, one of the governors. The grocer pompously began, "I presume, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?" Abernethy, who hated humbugs, and felt nettled at the time, replied, "No, I don't; I want a pennyworth of figs. Come, look sharp and wrap them up; I want to be off." Most men, if they will candidly reflect what they themselves would have said to the grocer under the circumstances, will own the superiority of Abernethy. Everything great, too, requires time. To conceive a great work or a great plan of life, and to execute it, requires a large power of looking before and after, which is one of the rarest of qualities. When we see what some men have done, both in these and in other days, we catch a glimpse of the scope of man's intellect, and of the extent of activity, bodily and mental, that some men possess, which by mere anticipation we should never have guessed at. No better instance could be given than the noble and wonderful book which Mr. Darwin has recently published; and when we have read this work we begin to understand all that Buffon meant when he said that "patience is genius."

Both these requisites of success—industry and largeness of aim—are aptly illustrated by Mr. Smiles, whose profusion of biographical anecdotes seems inexhaustible. But there is a third requisite of success, on which the plan of his work leads him to bestow less attention. Those who wish to succeed must never be above their business. Deficiency in this requisite probably accounts for very many of the instances in which the sons of successful fathers and men of high education have failed to succeed. Both descriptions of persons are accustomed to live with persons already at the top of the tree. They pass over, in their imaginations, the earlier steps of success, and habitually fancy themselves where they think they ought to be, and where those with whom they are most familiar actually are. A father has perhaps made his fortune in life. He used to get up early and take rest late. He studied grammars and dictionaries at odd hours—he kept a model in one pocket, and a scheme for a patent in another. He succeeds, and his son grows up in comfort, and with all the appliances of learning. He mixes with his father and his father's friends, and hears that the model has long been working, and the patent has brought in oceans of money. It seems to him as if successful models and patents grew up inevitably, like wild-flowers, and as if he could gather as many as he pleased. Anything like practical labour in the direction of his father's success would seem to him equally disgusting and contemptible. He is not going to walk about with a little ill-cut machine in his pocket when he knows the look and action of the big machine that has done so much for his father. In the same way high education tends to make men retire from active life. It is not that they are too conceited to take low work, but they are too accustomed to the life to which low work ultimately leads. They do not relish so great a downfall as the mean, plodding beginnings of professional industry. They do not like to take up new subjects and go into details to which they are wholly unaccustomed. The consequence is, that they do not succeed. A sort of coarseness, which is very often allied to high animal spirits, is an important if not an indispensable element of success, and they either could not obtain this, or would not if they could.

If these three things are united—if a man is capable in body and mind of intense industry, and uses his capability, if he looks patiently forward to a great end, and if he does not despise or shrink from small, mean, and coarse beginnings—the world is so constituted that success is as much a certainty for him as anything in human affairs is a certainty. Nothing can be more absurd and delusive than the assurances so often given to the poor that if they educate themselves they will entirely alter their worldly position. Those who succeed will always be the exceptions. But if the necessary conditions are fulfilled, success is a mere matter of calculation. But then comes the question, Why should success be sought? Of course, where there is a very high faculty, or a special taste, or an extraordinary aptitude, there is an excellent reason for exertion. The work is sought for the work's sake, and, as we have said, we think all the highest work is done for its own sake. But, if we come down to a lower kind of success, and look only to that species which lies in the acquisition by honourable means of an honourable place in society, we may feel some little doubt, not whether it is a good thing, but whether there is not something better for some people. Generally speaking, however, success is a great gain. The qualities that must be cultivated for success are very valuable qualities. The hope, the energy, the liveliness imparted to the mind by the struggle for success are most important advantages to the individual; and numbers of steady, manly characters, that would otherwise have frittered away their lives, are made useful to their generation by the hope of worldly advancement, and by the desire of each to do his part as a good citizen, and to receive a good citizen's reward. But we cannot avoid remarking that success is often held up as a blessed thing at which it is a duty to try to arrive, and that

this doctrine is exclusively modern, and almost, if not quite, exclusively English. It seems also rather strange that to succeed in this world should have come to be looked on as the ultimate fruit of the Gospel. And yet the practical advantages of success are so many, so elevating, and so palpable, that the doctrine of the blessedness of success holds water much better than might have been expected. To a great number of persons it is an inward as well as an external gain to advance to a station of honour and comfort; and we cannot deny facts because they are not quite what we might have expected.

Possibly it is a question of individual character. Some men can do justice to themselves and their neighbours without the stimulus of ambition; and where this is the case, it is by no means clear that the balance of happiness is on the side of the successful man. His less aspiring friend has many enjoyments from which the restlessness of ambition and the desire for promotion exclude the active and the rising man. After all, it is pleasant not to get up at five—it is pleasant to have time to spend in the bosom of a family—it is pleasant to taste the differences between winter and spring, fine sunsets and storms, town and country. If occupation is sweet, so is leisure. There is no earthly happiness like that of companionship with near and dear friends, and the successful man has to cut this kind of happiness very short. But we may go much further than this if we look to the highest kind of unsuccessful men. They are the salt of modern society, the most useful—or, at any rate, the least to be spared—of the citizens of an old State. The men who are content to miss the prizes of life so that they keep up the standard of cultivation to the highest point—who never bow to the mob, who sacrifice their fortunes if truth requires it, who dare not only to think on high subjects, but to proclaim what they think, who try to arrive at definite conclusions on the weightiest matters of life, and to discountenance the vague idols of thought that so often take the place of definite conclusions—are the greatest benefactors of mankind. We reserve our reverence for such men, and derive from them the indirect hints for life which shape our conduct in our best moments. They ennoble the struggling lot of humanity, and if they have no adequate reward in this life, they have one approximately adequate in the quality of the minds over which they exercise influence, and in the depth of the influence they exercise.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

IT is curious to observe how completely almost everything which becomes in any way the object of a widely-extended popular desire assumes a sort of ideal character, so that it is valued not so much on account of its intrinsic importance as because it is an essential part of the popular ideal, for the time being, of an eminent or admirable character. Thus, at one time, the popular favour is only to be won by ascetic and monastic virtues. At others, ability in and for itself attracts a degree of admiration which bears very little assignable relation to any real claims which it possesses on the esteem or admiration of mankind. The sort of ability which public feeling delights to honour is not always the same. The tide sometimes sets in favour of practical, and sometimes in favour of speculative talent, and it would be matter of great difficulty to lay down any general rule which would enable those who take an interest in such things to predict, with anything like an approach to accuracy, whether one set of qualities or another of an entirely opposite character, would meet with general admiration in any given time and country. The fact is that popular admiration is granted, not so much to particular qualities in and for themselves, as to imaginary persons in whom the virtues which the age specially admires are exemplified in the fullest degree. Thus, when asceticism is in the highest favour, it is not the case that any large portion of mankind actually grasp and adopt the ascetic theory of morals; but they are haunted by a kind of undefined notion that people who do, in the ordinary intercourse of life, adopt and act upon that standard of conduct must be very great, wonderful, and worthy of veneration. The natural consequence is, that the quality admired is viewed pictorially, and not analytically, and is worshipped instead of being understood.

It would be difficult to give a more forcible or a more homely illustration of this than that which is afforded by the sentiment which of late years has become at once so powerful and so very common respecting physical strength, and all that belongs to it. All the younger generation of writers of fiction has, for many years past, been trying to excite and foster the sentiment that power of character in all its shapes goes with goodness, and that there is so intimate a connexion between the various departments of life, physical and moral, that strength of mind may be expected to be closely connected with, or may perhaps be said to be reflected in, strength of body. This notion is closely connected with many of the most important of the opinions which are at present entertained respecting the great standing controversies of life. It is connected with what may be called the social as opposed to the ascetic conception of morals, and with the disposition to look upon life as a whole, as opposed to the temptation—if it is to be so regarded—to cut it into parts, of which some only are susceptible of sacred associations, whilst others are and must always remain common and unclean.

The body may obviously be looked upon in either of two lights. It may be regarded as an essential part of the man—as the outward

and visible part of himself, containing and constituting, with its various powers and qualities, some of the most important elements of his character. On the other hand, it may be regarded as something radically distinct from the man himself—a mere material instrument of the immaterial essence which properly constitutes the individual—a sort of clog, necessary indeed to the action of the soul, but in its essence a mere appendage to it, and a somewhat degrading one. The popular estimate of the importance and value of all physical gifts, as reflected in popular literature, will depend almost entirely upon the degree in which the first or the second of these ideals lies at the bottom of popular feeling on the subject. If the former prevails, the popular notion of a great and good man will be a person of great physical and mental endowments, all harmonized together and all directed towards good ends. If the second is the current theory, popular writers will delight in contrasting mental strength with physical weakness, and in showing how the mind, beset with a thousand difficulties from the imperfections of the machine with which it is associated, can nevertheless triumph over them all. There can be little doubt which of these two is the popular view in the present day. Almost every popular writer, from the one or two who are really great down to the crowd who merely show which way the popular taste sets, delights to make the body not the agent, but the partner, of the mind; and each accordingly invests his heroes with every imaginable bodily perfection. It would be easy to fill columns upon columns with descriptions, taken from various novelists, of various models of physical force who have acted as heroes. Who does not know all about the "short, crisp, black hair," the "pale but healthy complexion," the "iron muscles," "knotted sinews," "vast chests," "long and sinewy arms," "gigantic frames," and other stock phrases of the same kind which always announce, in contemporary fiction, the advent of a model Christian hero?

The attempt to discuss which of the two views of the relations of mind and body just sketched out contains the greater amount of truth, would lead us very far indeed; and there is the less need to enter upon the discussion, as they both appear to us to be essentially wrong. The relations of mind and body are a question of fact, to be studied, not in the light of any preconceived theory whatever, but, like all other questions of fact, by observation and comparison; and fiction, if it is to be anything more than a plaything, ought to proceed upon such observations, and not upon the assumption of the truth of general propositions, which in reality are only very vague and very partial attempts to embody the small amount of knowledge and the large amount of conjecture and assertion which exists upon the subject. The most curious proof that modern popular writers have begun entirely at the wrong end in their attempts to set forth in their novels the relations between mind and body, is to be found in the fact that they all appear to think that physical strength is a very plain and simple matter, and that the proposition that a man is very strong is as simple as the proposition that he is six feet high. The fact, however, is, that that cursory and unscientific experience which every one picks up who exercises his own powers of observation upon those whom he meets with in the ordinary course of life, proves in the most conclusive manner that hardly anything is so difficult as to affix any definite meaning whatever to the word "strong;" and when the various difficulties which are inherent in it are scrutinized, they will be found to resolve themselves into the further difficulty that, when we use the word "body," we are using a word with the meaning—and, if such an expression is allowable, with the extent—of which we are most imperfectly acquainted. It may be well to indicate very shortly the character of a few of these difficulties.

The first, and perhaps the most formidable of all, is the difficulty of ascertaining, with any approach to precision, what the substantive is to which the adjective "strong" is applied. When we say A. B. is a "strong man," we mean that, taken as a whole, the living organization of A. B. has a greater amount of strength than is usual. Now, let us take such cases as those which are taken from real life, and try to say whether or not the word "strong" would be properly applied to the persons from whom they were taken. A. was a person of average size, with immense muscular power. He never had a day's illness till he was twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and was well known as the most athletic lad at one of the largest schools in England. He died of a rapid decline at twenty-five. B. was a delicate woman for many years of her life, hardly able to leave the sofa. She had a succession of illnesses of the most distressing and wearing kinds, but she threw them off against all expectation, and passed all the middle and later period of her life in perfect health and great activity. For some years before her death she laboured under very distressing complaints; but notwithstanding this, she lived to a great age. It is obvious that if A. and B. had each been taken at a given point of time, A. would have been rightly called strong, and B. weak; and it is also clear that there was about B. a durability or toughness which was wanting in A., and that that toughness was manifested, not only by her recovery from her early diseases, but by the length of time during which she bore the disease of which she ultimately died. The interval of health and the length of life show that there was strength somewhere, even whilst the diseases were upon her; but where or in what did that strength reside? The word "constitution," usually employed in such cases, is a mere convenience. It only

points out a difficulty which it does not solve; for what unit was it which, though damaged, was strongly put together? That is a puzzle which has never been solved, and which has hardly been stated completely. A table would not be called strong if two legs were cracked and several of its joints loose, however tough might be its materials, and however good its original workmanship. But if the table showed a power of holding together and recovering itself, notwithstanding every sort of rough usage, it might well be called strong, though it was ultimately broken up; and it is precisely in this power of self-repair that the difference between a body and a mere machine resides. The difficulty of saying what is meant by physical strength lies in the difficulty of distinguishing between the mechanical, and what, for fault of a better word, must be called the vital powers of the body. Look upon the body as a machine—and the broken arm, the tubercles in the lungs, or the cancer in the liver prevent you from calling it strong; but if it goes on acting for years, and wonderfully recovering itself again and again from the catastrophe which these defects tend to produce, there must be a strong something somewhere. What is that something?

The whole subject is one of endless wonder and curiosity, but it is well deserving of far more notice than it has usually received—if for no other reason, at least for the sake of illustrating the crudity of the common notions about physical strength which all sorts of popular writers are continually preaching. We cannot here do more than hint at a very few of the endless varieties of what is called "constitution" which would require examination by any one who really wished to understand the subject. The power of supporting hardship is one obvious form of strength, but this power is by no means universally associated with great muscular force, and not uncommonly co-exists with excessive delicacy of organization in many important particulars. Dr. Kane was a wonderful instance of this. Though a professional sailor, he never went to sea without suffering from sea-sickness, and he suffered under both disease of the heart and chronic rheumatism; yet he underwent sufferings in the Arctic Seas under which the strongest men, specially trained to endure such hardships, sickened and died. In great catastrophes, such as wrecks, sieges, and the retreats of defeated armies, the finest men do not by any means endure hardship best, and the most delicate women will occasionally go through more than any one else. A vessel was wrecked in the midst of the ice at the mouth of the Elbe; the crew had to make their way across the broken masses of ice to the nearest shore, some miles off. Several died of exhaustion, and amongst the rest a remarkably strong fine woman, the wife of a soldier on board; whilst, among the survivors, was a delicate woman who had during the storm prematurely given birth to a child. The peculiarity of this, however, is that the power of bearing hardship does not always vary inversely with physical strength. As a rule, no doubt, in such a scene the strong man or woman would have a better chance than the weak one, and this makes the exceptions the more remarkable.

Great power of exertion is another obvious test of strength. But here, again, every sort of variety exists. Great power of exertion is quite consistent with extreme delicacy, and with the presence of, or at least with a predisposition to, organic disease. Napoleon was perhaps capable of undergoing, and did in fact undergo, greater fatigues than almost any other man who ever lived; yet his digestion was always most delicate and very easily deranged, whilst he died of an hereditary organic disease at the age of fifty-five. It is also a singular thing that great power of exertion in one direction does not always imply its existence in another. Many men can go through extraordinary muscular labour, and put up with all sorts of exposure and hardship, who are quite unequal to continuous severe exertion of the eyes, the brain, and the nerves; and the converse occasionally holds good as well. Long life and continued good health are also tests of strength; but these gifts frequently depend upon a sort of balance and proportion between powers which are inconsiderable in themselves. It seems a sort of perversion of terms to speak of a person who keeps on living feebly and quietly—more like a vegetable than a man—for eighty years, as being stronger than one who dies worn out at sixty by extreme labour, or even by long-continued and long-resisted disease. An old gentleman who has been rector of a remote country parish for half a century or more, without having ever experienced a day's illness or done a really hard day's work, is surely not a stronger man than Fox, who, though he never had good health, would pass any number of days and nights between Parliament, the race-course, and the gaming-table.

MIDDLE CLASS MORALITY.

MR. and Mrs. Archer, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Lord Anglesey and Mrs. Bell, and the case of Sarah Dyer the dressmaker—here is a tableau of life in London far from edifying. By some odd law of compensation the cases seem to be complementary, and group themselves together into a sort of moral unity of immorality, as though they were designed to prevent anything like class casting stones against class. Ascending from the omnibus cad to the peer, there is hardly a pin to choose in the batch of sinners; and by a curious affinity in the choice of excuses the noble lord and the ignoble Mr. Balls the conductor hit upon the same—and that an equally inapposite—extenuation for their frailty. Lord Anglesey's counsel hunts, by way of mitigation of

damages, that a widower cannot be expected not to love his neighbour's wife; and the normal frailty of a widow is suggested by Mr. Balls as an excuse for his hasty amours with Mrs. Archer. Are we to accept these apologies as conclusions supported by fact, and are we to understand, from the instances of Mr. Allen and Mr. Archer, that it is the custom for trunkmakers and young gentlemen about town to select their brides from night-houses in the Haymarket and St. Martin's-lane Casinos? Or, again, is it the rule of middle-class gentility, as exhibited in the denizens of Highbury Terrace and Montague-place, Russell-square, not to pay a small dressmaker's very small account, and so to drive the victim of genteel impecuniosity into petty larceny and the police court? Any how, it will not do to suggest that the moral obliquity of one class is greater than another. Profligacy in high life is well matched by profligacy in low life. If the *Court Journal* waxes edifying on Mr. Balls, Mr. Jerrold's hebdomadal may be reminded that aristocratic wickedness in high places has its parallel on the step of the omnibus; and tradesmanship in all its proprieties may stand aghast at the revelations of the inner life of a Strand shopkeeper's family, while Bloomsbury has to prove that it pays its bills more regularly than calumniated Belgravia. We have suggested it before; but would "the energetic Bishop of London" improve the occasion? Would he organize some special services, not for the pariahs, but for the accredited and creditable castes of his diocese? Would he send the best preachers to deliver homilies on the old-fashioned ten commandments and the household duties of chastity, honesty, and sobriety, not only to the working-clothes section of society, but to the people we meet at dinners and evening parties—to the shop-folk as well as to the labouring men? "Home missions" for the people who run down to Brighton, as Mr. and Mrs. Allen of the Strand did, and to Worthing for the season, as Lord Anglesey and the Bell household did—and a little district visiting and Scripture readers for the folks in Kildare-terrace, wherever that may be, and even for Montague-place, Russell-square—are quite as much required as for Bethnal-green and St. Giles.

Of course the first conclusion that presents itself is that such cases as that of Mr. and Mrs. Archer and Balls the cad, are utterly exceptional. Even in the pages of Mr. Mansel Reynolds' unclean fictions, the notion of an omnibus conductor sporting a diamond ring worth 150*l.*, and getting up a *liaison* with a married "lady" who keeps her phaeton and pair, is something too preposterous even to read about; but here in a single week are two proved marriages with nymphs of the Haymarket. One would not think that more than one case in a century occurred of a tradesman or a young gentleman marrying in this quarter, or that one case in two centuries was possible of a man, even if he married under such circumstances, retaining about his reformed wife the associates of her worse than *demi-monde* life and conversation. And yet both Mr. Archer and Mr. Allen did all this, and seemed to think it nothing extraordinary. To be sure, Mr. Archer is a downright idiot and fatuous; but the friends and relations who interfered at the last hour to save the wreck of his fortune from "the machinations of that unhappy woman"—and who are now so alive to his interests as to force him in a single week to bring one action, and to defend another, against the noisome vermin who preyed upon him—might have thought of a commission *de lunatic* when they discovered that he, in company with his wife, used to frequent the Blue Posts, and to invite its frequenters to their drawing-room at Bayswater. For so wonderful a case, an unusual appeal to the law might have been ventured before two years had consumed the poor fool's fair inheritance. And then as to the well-to-do trunkmaker at the corner of Hungerford-market—Sir Cresswell Cresswell's court lets us into some hideous revelations of that pure domestic morality which, we are assured, is the precious pearl of English life. All we can say is, that dirty fiction in its wildest extravagance, or in its most Parisian development, never invented a fable half so foul or so improbable as that of a man marrying an unvestal wife, living himself in systematic adultery, and palming off a copper captain, who strongly resembles a waiter in a casino, for the purpose of getting up a collusive adultery as the cheapest approach to the Divorce Court. The history of the diamond ring is told as if it were nothing out of the common, though poor Marie Antoinette's case of the diamond necklace is ten times less improbable; and the free and easy way in which the heroines of the *Arabian Nights* pick up porters and calenders is not a more startling innovation on our experience than the adventures of Mrs. Archer. If these cases are solitary, their chronological coincidence defies and disproves Mr. Buckle's law of averages.

And so with Sarah Dyer's case. We cannot believe that she and her customers stand alone. Her lady employers at Highbury and Russell-square are instanced, but the rule of non-payment is appealed to as a fact; and respectability could never select more favoured, or more widely separated haunts. These are typical homes of class life. It is impossible to believe that what has happened to Sarah Dyer does not daily happen to the thousand and one Sarah Dyers who do cheap dressmaking for the best sections of middle-class life. Madame Maradaw's (if that lady survives) customers are as one—those of the like of Sarah Dyer are as hundreds. As a rule—so Sarah Dyer's landlord says, and we are not called upon to disbelieve what is given in evidence about her, as she bears the highest character from this landlord, with whom she has lived for eleven years—this woman

does not get paid by the wives of the better sections of trading and the average professional men. If Sarah Dyer is not paid, Sarah Dyer's sisterhood is not paid; and ugly suspicions present themselves about the majority of bonnets and mantles. Our sympathy is but languid about Madame Mantalini. She, and the like of her in Hanover-square, can afford to wait. If every other customer pays regularly, the alternate one may pay or not, or only as her husband is to be caught in the *mollia tem-pora*. But the case is very different with the seamstress of Gray's-inn-lane, stitching in a garret from morning to night. What we want is evidence to persuade ourselves that all these cases are very rare and strange; but unfortunately the analogy runs in the other direction. We are led to infer more than we like to contemplate of petty oppression, and small dishonesty, and fraud upon the poor and helpless, and just in those quarters which plume themselves upon being not as other men—in that level region of a golden mediocrity, undebased, as we are taught to think, by the refined vices of the rich and the coarse dishonesty of the poor. It is unsafe, we know, to generalize from a scanty induction; but the instances of the week are ugly, and seem to indicate what looks too much like a law.

THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

IT was the peculiar infelicity of the steam-ship *Royal Charter* that in a gale from the north-east she perished on a lee-shore on the western coast of England. In the terrific night of the 25th of last October, it would not have been surprising if such a calamity had occurred to a vessel making for the Humber or the Tyne; but it might have been hoped that a voyage of which the destined end was Liverpool could not, except by singular misfortune or mismanagement, have been brought to such a disastrous close. The run of this ill-starred ship from Australia had been rapid and agreeable. She had landed some passengers on the Irish coast, had proceeded up St. George's Channel, had passed Holyhead and rounded the north point of the Isle of Anglesea, and then she steered nearly eastward for the Mersey; and thus, when the gale broke upon her in all its violence, that part of the coast of Anglesea which looks north-east was under her lee, and there she was driven upon the rocks, and wrecked within a few hours' sail of Liverpool.

A Coroner's jury of Welsh farmers have heard the evidence of the surviving passengers and crew, and a more satisfactory inquiry, held under the authority of the Board of Trade, has lately resulted in a Report embodying all the conclusions that can be safely drawn as to the causes of this most terrible of marine disasters. One obvious remark is, that this and some other recorded, and many unrecorded, losses of life and property at sea are to be ascribed to that inexorable necessity for rapid passages which exists, or is considered to exist, upon all the great lines of the world's commerce. It is the eager desire not to lose a day or an hour in a voyage from the Antipodes that causes steamships to press on through storms, fog, and darkness to their destined ports, with little regard to their own safety, and none at all to that of the vessels which may cross their paths. A fishing-boat is run down, and nothing known or said of it; and only when the steamer's own career is checked by severe collision with ship or rock, does public attention rouse itself to take account of the price paid for these miracles of speedy intercourse. No doubt it is a very grand achievement to have brought Australia and the United States within such easy reach of England, but it is well sometimes to pause and ascertain the cost at which these magnificent results are purchased.

In any comments which we may offer upon the circumstances under which the *Royal Charter* met her fate, we must not be supposed to intend to reflect unfavourably upon the conduct of her captain. He died while doing his duty to the best of his ability, and in the midst of the most awful perils. But there must have been indications, such as might be read by the practised seaman, that a gale was imminent. The harbour of Holyhead, where at least partial shelter might have been obtained, had been passed only four hours before the ship was seen to be in danger. The northern headland of the Isle of Anglesea was rounded an hour or two later. The captain pressed on, eager, we may suppose, to make his port, and to get the utmost credit for his speedy passage. Holyhead was left behind, and the Irish Channel closed against retreat; and then, when the ship had reached the very point where danger from a north-east gale was greatest, at that moment a storm, more violent than has been known during the present century, burst in all its force upon her. Never was the wisdom of the maxim that haste is the worst speed more strongly manifested. It would have been so simple a precaution, if taken in due time, to put the ship's head west, and make sure of sea-room before the gale commenced. But the passengers, no doubt, were eager to taste the delights of home. They had money to spend, the fruit of many toils and dangers, and friends, wives, and children were longing to welcome their return. And then there was the gold to be lodged without delay in the Bank of England; and, above all, the character of the vessel must be maintained for speed and certainty. The loss of a few hours on any day of the run home, or a delay of equal length in landing passengers in Ireland—any slight accident to have brought the ship off Holyhead six hours later—would probably have been regarded by the captain at the time as a misfortune, and afterwards as the cause

of the salvation of himself and of all under his charge. But the management was too skilful and the weather too favourable to allow of the smallest check. Gentle breezes wafted the *Royal Charter* over smiling seas. Hope and joy were on her decks, and already the long-desired shores of the dear native country were in view, and nearer every hour did the hapless ship approach her port, and further in the same degree did she recede from the possibility of escape. After passing Point Lynas, it was but a short straight run into the Mersey—but shorter still was the course in which the ship was driven upon the rocks of Moelfre Bay.

It is not unreasonable to ask why steamers should thus involve themselves in perils which sailing vessels would probably have had the prudence to avoid. The caution to keep the sea open when a gale is near must be as old as the days of the earliest ocean voyagers. The discoverer of Australia, if he could have touched at Queenstown at the same time as the *Royal Charter*, would no doubt have been well knocked about in the Irish Channel, but at this present hour his ship would, in all probability, be safe in the docks at Liverpool. There are vessels of a model which may have been invented centuries ago able to do with sails alone what the *Royal Charter* could not do with steam and sails—able, we mean, to beat to windward sufficiently to keep off the dreaded shore. Probably, at least, this could be done; and certainly the crews of the sort of vessels we have in mind would be too wise to place themselves wilfully in a position where they would need to try to do it. The only result of all modern improvements in maritime science appears to be that, through reckless competition, people thrust themselves into dangers which formerly they would not have ventured to provoke. One would think, from the way in which the *Royal Charter* was managed, that she possessed some peculiar immunity from the perils of a lee-shore, instead of being, as she was, exactly the sort of vessel which, in such a position, would become most helpless. It is for speed, we believe, that steamers are so often built long and narrow; and this adds to the difficulty of getting them about in case of any sudden occasion for a change of course. Adaptation to one special object is likely, if pushed too far, to produce general incapacity. We have heard of a noble lord who valued himself on his taste in dress, having his trousers cut so as to look, as he considered, extremely well when he sat upon a driving-box. The effect, let us hope, was equal to his expectations as long as he confined himself strictly to the contemplated attitude. But one day it happened that his carriage broke down, and he was obliged to dismount and endeavour to walk home. We believe that the dandy managed to reach his house without any injury such as public decency must have lamented to his nether garments. Now, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that ships are sometimes designed with equal blindness. In moderate weather, and for a straight course, their performances are truly admirable; but for seaworthiness, at all times and in all places, they will not bear comparison with vessels which, in a direct run, they would leave hopelessly astern.

But even if a steam-ship be more weatherly in her build than the *Royal Charter*, she is always liable to a danger from which the sailing-vessel is exempt—we mean the danger that some of her masts or spars should fall overboard and foul her screw. In the instance of the *Royal Charter* the anchors were let go, and for about two hours they preserved the ship from drifting on the rocks. The screw was kept at work to ease the strain upon the anchors. If this had been a sailing-ship the masts would have been cut away when she anchored, in order to diminish the power of the wind in driving her towards the dreaded shore. But it was feared that the wreck of the fallen masts might impede the screw, as happened when the *Prince* was lost at the mouth of Balaklava harbour. The masts, therefore, were left standing, and thus the cables yielded to the strain upon them, sooner perhaps than they would otherwise have done. But if the screw-propeller is liable to be thus easily disabled, we had thought, on the other hand, that steamers enjoyed one great advantage over sailing-vessels in the power they possess of steaming gently ahead, instead of trusting wholly to their anchors to resist the fury of the gale. We know that the *Great Eastern*, riding at anchor at Holyhead during the same tremendous gale which proved fatal to the *Royal Charter*, kept her steam up throughout the night; and it has been stated that nothing else enabled her to hold her ground. Now, however, we are informed, in an official Report to the Board of Trade, that the practice of steaming ahead to ease the anchors in a gale of wind is dangerous. We suppose that this is sound, although to us entirely new doctrine. If it be, we can only say that the comparison of security between steam and sailing vessels does not appear to stand exactly as it is generally supposed to do. After all, the mail-coachman's question, "If this here steamer goes over, where are you?" rather seems to gather force and pertinence with the lapse of time and the progress of locomotive science. And even if all had been done that has ever been pretended to diminish the dangers of the sea, we feel satisfied that the whole result would be neutralized, or nearly so, by that reckless competition in speed and cheapness which grows at least as fast as models are improved and the power of steam is developed, and lighthouses are built at all points of danger along the coast. We say nothing about the materials and workmanship of the *Royal Charter*, because upon these points her owners

have been absolved from blame. But it is tolerably notorious that unseaworthy vessels are often freighted under the same motives as lead to the sale by tradesmen of counterfeits of almost every article of personal and domestic use. And if a ship be beyond suspicion of any sort of weakness or defect, it is to be feared that this very excellence may cause a rate of speed to be demanded of her which will prove quite as dangerous to her passengers as admitted age or decay, which would at least inspire prudence in her captain and moderate the expectations of her owners. The better the ship the more eagerly will her voyage be pressed, beyond ports of refuge and along a dangerous shore, as if to give additional force to the poet's words, which, although written of an humble boat and before the days of ocean steamers, are equally applicable it seems to both:—

Oh, God, to think man ever
Comes too near his home!

THE HARROW DINNER.

LAST Tuesday evening witnessed the closing scene of one of the most conspicuous successes of our day. Five generations of old Harrovians assembled at the Freemasons' Tavern to do honour to their late head master, and Dr. Vaughan is certainly to be congratulated upon the enthusiasm which the occasion called forth, and the large amount of confidence and respect which fifteen years of office appear to have won for him among so sensitive, capricious, and sometimes turbulent a set of subjects as the young gentlemen from whom he has just parted on such excellent terms. The sceptre which he now lays down must be one which entailed a more than ordinary share of the labours and anxieties necessarily attendant upon every position of eminence and authority. Uneasy, we should think, must be the head that wears the cap of head master of a public school.

Dr. Vaughan was no doubt speaking quite within the mark when he described the fatigues of his late office. "It had to know," he said, "long days and short nights. It had to verify that most beautiful description of Scripture, 'There were many coming and going, and there was no leisure for as much as to eat.' It was a life at all times of great anxiety to control something like five hundred human wills, and more especially young wills, subject to every gust of temper and passion, and with so little of the ballast of experience to keep them straight." It is easy to see how such an employment may well be felt a heavy tax upon the resources of the most able and the energies of the strongest among those who, for any length of time, have to hold themselves in readiness to meet its manifold requirements. Dr. Arnold, it is said, thought that no man ought to attempt it for more than fifteen years, and, had he lived so long, he contemplated retirement into private life at the close of that period. The example of his own master must no doubt have been among the various causes which suggested the particular moment of Dr. Vaughan's resignation; and nobody has the least right to be dissatisfied with the explanation that "after fifteen years of difficulties not small, and of occasional dangers not to be disregarded, he felt that he needed a period of repose, and he claimed it without fear of misconstruction." The fact is, that schoolboys, except to those who possess the precise qualifications for influencing and controlling them, are next door to absolutely ungovernable; and the most able of their rulers holds anything but a sinecure. They have so keen an eye for a master's weak points, and seize with such good-natured alacrity upon any opportunity of lawlessness, that constant watchfulness, decision, and presence of mind are absolute essentials to any one who hopes for a moment to maintain his authority among them. Then, they are extremely impregnable; and to insure success, not only must the right thing be done, but it must be done in the right way and at the right moment. Every word, look, and gesture is shrewdly observed and carefully treasured up; the merest trifles exercise the most serious influence; deep wounds may be given without the least intention of offending; an ungracious act receives its least agreeable interpretation; an unfairness, arising probably from some inadvertency or misconception, is accepted as a studied wrong, and resented accordingly. A master must be prepared for a great deal of impulsiveness, and must be ready to mould it to his own purposes, and guide it in the channels in which he wishes it to flow. He must look for little thoughtfulness or consideration, and must take care that his proceedings can be understood at a glance, and appreciated without an effort. His pupils will feel strongly about him one way or the other; and he must see that it be in the right way. If he fail in this, he may as well abandon his task as hopeless. For him there is hardly anything between devoted loyalty and absolute rebellion.

In a great school, moreover, there are many currents of public sentiment and fashion, in which a head master, according as he is or is not possessed of sagacity, tact, and discrimination, will find his most useful allies or his worst enemies. There is a traditional prestige which the most zealous reformer could not venture to throw too much into the shade, and in conformity with which he will have to carry on his innovations. There is an *esprit de corps* ranking very high in the schoolboy's creed, which, while it is among his most honourable and legitimate motives, has often to be restrained from impertinent or ridiculous manifestations. A boy who does not believe in his school at all is as bad as a boy who believes in his school overmuch. Sceptics and

fanatics are equally disagreeable, and it is for the head-master to preserve the happy medium of a temperate devotion. Again, there are all sorts of manners and customs, ways of thinking and talking, interpretations or modifications of the rules of morality, delicate shades of feeling which require to be dealt with in the most skilful manner by a master who hopes to control them with effect, and to subordinate them to his own designs. Their operation may be subtle, but it is none the less active and important. Their presence may escape the eye of the careless observer, but it is universal. Like any other belief, they flourish under persecution; and the worst policy is to allow them the advantage of a martyrdom. A boy who has been flogged for stubborn adherence to an immemorial practice will be a Tory for life, and meanwhile will think he is high-principled and heroic, when in fact he is only foolish, vicious, or disobedient. It must be in a warfare of a far higher and less matter-of-fact description that a master can look for victory. If he comes to a pitch battle, the day is already lost.

But it was not with difficulties of this sort alone that Dr. Vaughan was confronted when he accepted the appointment to Harrow School. He was called to the pilot's post when the ship was well-nigh foundering. A chilling blast of public opinion was driving her, almost a wreck, through tossing seas, and under a wintry sky, upon the bleak shore of absolute annihilation. An old and illustrious institution was, it appeared, just about to expire. The numbers sank to the very lowest ebb compatible with bare life. Master's houses were being shut up; bankrupt tradesmen attested a commercial stagnation; the pulse of the sufferer grew fainter and fainter; dissolution was evidently at hand. Already the mournful troop of ready sympathizers were preparing to watch the last look and listen for the parting groan, and secretly congratulating the object of their condolences upon the prospect of a speedy release from an existence which was neither a pleasure in itself nor an advantage to the public. Dr. Vaughan was no sooner called in than the symptoms began to abate. By a great deal of firmness and judgment, by a nice sense of the relation of means and ends, by a tact which disarmed hostility in spite of itself, and by that happy combination of easy goodnature and rigid discipline which boys find so fascinating, he has succeeded in replacing an almost hopeless state of affairs by a prosperity so complete, and, as he believes, so secure, that he can venture to entrust it to the safe keeping of another hand than his own. Dr. Vaughan is far too courageous and honourable a man to have abdicated his throne at any other moment than one of the most complete tranquillity; and we may be sure that he has not allowed himself the well-earned indulgence of comparative repose until he felt that his own work was thoroughly done, and that his successor would have to contend with none but the ordinary difficulties of his position.

The occasion of last Tuesday was really affecting in the thorough heartiness and genuine sentiment which characterized it from beginning to end. Mr. Currer, who occupied the chair, was at the head of the school through some of the earliest and most critical portions of Dr. Vaughan's administration; and he was, we believe, among the most active and ready of those who assisted him in carrying out many needful measures of reform. He is therefore a good judge of the real amount of Dr. Vaughan's success; and nothing could be more feeling, sincere, and unaffected than the panegyric which he pronounced upon his old master. "The Head of the School," said Sydney Smith, in one of his pungent attacks, "is generally a very conceited young man, utterly ignorant of his own dimensions, and losing all that habit of conciliation towards others, and that anxiety for self-improvement, which result from the natural modesty of youth." Mr. Currer's speech convinces us that, at any rate under the new régime, the effects of eminence are not so disastrous; and that, notwithstanding many distinctions, great importance, and much responsible authority, a boy may grow up with feelings as delicate, energies as active, and modesty as unimpaired, as under systems of education less suggestive, at first sight, of temptation and danger.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE Cattle Show has developed into the dignity of a British institution; and though it is easy enough to poke fun at our national characteristics, there is scarcely one of them that does not possess a good solid substratum of sense and reality. Open as they are to an enormous amount of cheap ridicule, their best vindication is that they answer and tell. The Derby Day—a religious meeting—the Cattle Show—and an oratorio occur as some of the most palpable, most popular, and most unjustifiable of our institutions. Measured by theory, and discussed on the high *a priori* line, but little can be said for them. To collect 150,000 or 200,000 people to see a race, which not one in fifty sees, nor one in a thousand understands—to get a speaker to talk for an hour on the most palpable truism, or to speak to a resolution professing thanks indifferently to a chairman or to the Almighty—to stuff pigs and oxen, sheep and cows to bursting-point—or to think that playgoing is profane, and that Mr. Sims Reeves at Exeter Hall is all but a Gospel Minister—why, what can be said for such paradoxes? The institutions lie open at every joint of the harness. They are peculiarly British—peculiarly absurd—and as certainly successful. They tell. They achieve a vast amount of social good and improvement, in which more reasonable schemes,

well elaborated and choicely prepared, and quite unassailable on all grounds of logic, fail. The fact is, they work themselves into a condition of usefulness—they grow unconsciously into centres of strength. The club of gentlemen farmers who half a century ago amused themselves by pitting fat oxen against each other, probably started—at least this was the case with many of them—with motives and views not much higher than the gentlemen who, as we find by *Bell's Life*, show terrier dogs and toy spaniels for sweepstakes at the public-houses in St. Martin's-lane. But gradually, imperceptibly, and without much plan or purpose, the Cattle Show has become one of the most important of our social gatherings; and a very inadequate notion of its uses is to be gathered by an accidental visit to Baker-street.

Not that the ludicrous prevails. There is a great crowd, apparent disorder, not a little of confusion, and of course a good many visitants whose presence it is utterly impossible to account for. But with the Cattle Show it is as the old writer said of heaven, where there would be two special wonders—the absence of those whom you made sure of meeting, and the presence of those whom nobody looked for. Either the "old original" British farmer, pig-headed and pig-bodied, top-booted and broad-brimmed, is utterly extinct, or he is not. There is truth in either suggestion. The Cattle Show is not the place for the typical farmer—stick-in-the-mud, prejudiced, plethoric, and bibulous as the funny magazines represent him. He is not at home in Baker-street certainly, and we much doubt whether he is to be found even on the heaviest of clays. No doubt the Cattle Show, like church or Parliament, presents its average amount of those who go only because it is the rule to go; but the business-like character of the visitors, as the rule, is remarkable. And it is just as well that it is becoming the bucolic tradition to run up to London to the Cattle Show. Never was an occasion so well contrived for assailing prejudice and beating down routine and conventionalism. If scientific farming is all that it seems to be from its Baker-street aspect, it is the hardest and most intricate of practical sciences. Perhaps it is so; and it is a great thing that farming is now a recognised branch of scientific manufacture. It is the art of producing food at the cheapest rate, which means, at the greatest economy of time and labour. Farming used to be treated as an idle way of life—not precisely wasting capital, but pursued chiefly for its connexion with rustic sport, rustic idleness, and rustic waste and profusion. If treated as business, it was business of a very lethargic breeches-pocket cast.

Such idlers are not the anxious, cautious heads engaged all this week in manipulating and admiring the scarifiers and reaping-machines and steam-ploughs in Baker-street. If farming is all that its extant instruments and implements betoken, it is among the most difficult of economical pursuits. The British farmer must be an accountant holding his own against Messrs. Quilter and Ball; for he must be able to get the exact cost of every bushel of corn raised on his fields, and of every beast and sheep consigned to the butcher. He must know what he wins and loses by every acre, and he must be possessed of the natural history of every bushel of manure throughout its career of raw material, grass, beef, or flour. In other words, the farmer must be a good arithmetician, something of a chemist, not unacquainted with animal and vegetable physiology, a practical mechanic, skilled in at least the theory of several branches of natural philosophy, possessed of that administrative faculty which can rule and attract subordinates, with moral qualifications which, to say the least of them, must embrace sobriety, punctuality, quickness, tact, and what is generally known by business habits. If the farmer is not this, he is nought; and the fact that the trade has compelled him to be this is not the least of its blessings. There is probably no class which the last quarter of a century has so much elevated and refined as that of the British farmer. And it would be a great mistake to suppose that all that the agricultural and bucolic multitude hurry to Baker-street for is to prod into the fat sides of the Hereford ox or Devon heifer, or to gloat over the super-porcine developments of the Prince Consort's Prize Pen. Not the least important part of a first-class Agricultural Show is the department of roots, seeds, grasses, and instruments. Probably there is an element of quackery in many of the specimens exhibited. The preternatural mangels and kohl-rabis, and the preposterous cabbages and parsnips, cannot have attained their surpassing size at remunerative culture—neither can the cattle. But it is with these things as with all heroes. They present types, standards, ideals, to which perfection tends; but only in this sense are they a guide to the ordinary laws of production. It is not meant or suggested that all oxen should, even in the most optimized condition of bovine existence, attain the majesty of Mr. Shirley's or Mr. Naylor's Hereford, or the virgin graces of that milk-white Io, Colonel Townley's wonderful heifer. It is not that the show aims at compelling all porkers to equal the lazy majesty of the pigs who, in stately and Oriental *nirwana*—in the serene luxury of self-contemplation and ecstasy of absorption from the external world—pillow their chins on those happy cylindrical blocks which the thoughtful care of the guardians of their years has provided for their amiable depth of dewlap—if a pig may be said to have dewlap. This is not what stall-feeding leads to. The show in Baker-street is rather designed to present to the practical farmer a proof of the capacity of the material with which he has to deal.

And this value of the exhibition is great. It is impossible for even the most unimpressible of farmers not to carry away something. Those mild and stately Herefords, and those crisp and elastic fleeces—already almost woven fabrics, so clean in fibre and so close in texture—of the short woolled sheep, must haunt the sloven, not only in visions of the night but in his daily tramp. Nor does the exhibition only teach the farmer how mutton and beef and pork can be produced in the shortest time, even if at an advanced expense of material; but it teaches this. Science, it may be, exhibits itself at present but in its first contact with agriculture, and certainly not in its most attractive guise. It seems almost as if agricultural machines were more complex than any other, more armed with threatening spikes and jagged teeth, more involved and more horridous than those of Staleybridge and Manchester. Is it not in the infancy of science that its machinery is so complex? We trust so, and that farming machines will become simpler, and their principle more intelligible. The farmer must be coerced into abandoning his Virgilian plough and the Hesiodic waggon, which is still too common, but the great desideratum of farming machines is simplicity of construction. And here we notice some waggons really elegant in form and construction, and of the simple, natural oak, varnished, and undisguised with paint. If these carts and wains are as substantial as they are elegant, high art has actually penetrated into the homestead. All this is a great benefit to the community. Scientific chemistry, the literature of agriculture, steam cultivation and beauty of form developing itself in tools and implements, must elevate, and that very rapidly, the character of the cultivator. Railway communication has nearly broken up that rural feast—the market dinner. Mr. Smith of Woolston and Mr. Meehi have contributed still more to the dignity of the farmer's calling; and now that the farmer must be an educated, and bids fair to be a refined, man, and since much of this improvement is due to the exhibitions of which the Cattle Show is the centre, we think it has been established that the Great Baker-street Exhibition deserves to be characterized as a national institution. And if what we hear is true—that the project of a hall worthy of an Exhibition is already seriously entertained—its only fault, the ugly sheds in which it is contained, will be amended.

THE THEATRES.

AS we foresaw long ago, the secession of Mr. Charles Kean from management has completely changed the aspect of theatrical affairs. Not a single house is now devoted to a class of performances that will raise it in kind as well as in degree above its competitors; but the order of precedence is entirely regulated by good and ill fortune. The manager who makes the greatest "hit" in any department whatever is, for the time being, the greatest man.

At present, the post of honour belongs unquestionably to Mr. Benjamin Webster, of the Adelphi; for there is no drama that can be compared in importance with Mr. Watts Phillips's *Dead Heart*. The piece is long, abounds in strong and varied incidents, allows scope for excellent acting by Mr. Webster himself, Miss Woolgar, and Mr. David Fisher, and has the advantage of an historical background, in which some of the most stirring aspects of the first French Revolution are illustrated. A frantic Carmagnole, a Bastille actually stormed, and a real guillotine, kept free from the pollution of physical details—these are powerful adjuncts to a plot in which Mr. Webster exhibits his particular talent for passing through phases of character, and Miss Woolgar is a distracted mother, ready to make any sacrifice for the preservation of her son. The uninitiated will perhaps suspect a misprint where we have mentioned "length" among the good attributes of the *Dead Heart*, but they may be informed that brevity is less a virtue than a vice at the Adelphi and the Porte St. Martin.

It is no trivial sign of the importance of a play when it becomes the subject of a controversy, and Mr. Watts Phillips is fortunate enough to find himself in the middle of a debate which, whatever may be its result, cannot do him any possible injury, but is highly serviceable in spreading his renown. The principal character in his drama—played by Mr. Webster—appears early in the story as a man liberated from the Bastille after eighteen years' confinement, and his return to perfect consciousness from a state of almost utter insensibility is very gradual. When he has recovered, he becomes a hard avenger, unscrupulous in the service of the Republic, and anxious to pursue two individuals to the death. These are a profligate Abbé and the son of a deceased nobleman, who is doomed by the avenger to atone for the sins of his father—the accomplice, it is supposed, of the Abbé in effecting his tedious incarceration. The nobleman, moreover, has committed the additional offence of marrying the woman to whom the prisoner was betrothed, and who is afterwards the afflicted mother represented by Miss Woolgar. These schemes of vengeance are only half carried out. The bad man in black is fairly slain in single combat, but a convenient pocket-book, stitched in the lining of his coat, proves that the deceased Count, far from having put the hero into the Bastille, has been very anxious to get him out. As this revelation is not made till the morning of the day appointed for the young Count's execution, the contrite man of wrath can only save him by surreptitiously taking his place in the tumbrel, and dying in his stead.

Now, something like this act of self-sacrifice actually occurred amid the storms of the Revolution, the voluntary victim being an elderly French noble, who, at the expense of his own head, saved the life of his son. In the *Chevalier de la Maison Rouge* of M. Dumas—one of the plays produced at the luckless Théâtre Historique when it became celebrated for its connexion with the song *Mourir pour la Patrie*—a generous young fellow joined the Girondins at their supper and on the scaffold to facilitate the escape of a friend; and a similar act of devotion winds up the *Tale of Two Cities*, with which Mr. Dickens commenced his new periodical, *All the Year Round*, and which has just reached its termination, after lasting nearly seven entire months. There was likewise a combat in the *Chevalier de la Maison Rouge* which produced a great effect, not only at the Théâtre Historique, but also at the old Adelphi, where the piece was brought out as *Geneviève*; and this, again, seems to be reflected in the duel with the Abbé which constitutes one of the chief situations of the *Dead Heart*. Lastly, the semi-animate condition in which the hero of Mr. Watts Phillips's play is brought from the Bastille, strongly resembles that of a French physician in Mr. Dickens's tale, and hence arises a conjecture that the periodical may have furnished hints to the dramatist. Such is the talk of the day with respect to the *Dead Heart*; but it need not in any way annoy Mr. Watts Phillips, as he has simply to assert that, from time immemorial, the dramatist who has contrived his form has been deemed sufficiently original, whencesoever his matter was derived.

The Lyceum Theatre has been opened by Madame Celeste, with an evident intention of attaining a success more permanent than has usually befallen the managers of this often unlucky establishment. The purpose of the directress is to regale her patrons with romantic drama, mixed with farce; but her power of rivaling the Adelphi in these departments remains to be proved. She inaugurated her season with a tale of dissipation and reform, founded on a French piece, *Les Enfers de Paris*, and entitled *Paris and Pleasure*, but it had nothing to recommend it beyond the display of great proficiency in the art of stage decoration, and of the ability of Madame Celeste herself to wear with consummate taste a great variety of dresses.

At the Princess's Theatre we may detect a perpetual struggle to maintain the prestige acquired under a widely different management. Drama has succeeded drama, comedy has succeeded comedy, but nothing has been produced to fix the attention of the public; and the apparition of Miss Louise Keeley, as an actress who makes a decided advance in every new character she undertakes, is the only important feature of the present enterprise. Mr. Widdicombe—once of the Surrey—is endeavouring to establish a West-end reputation at this house, and his style of humour is certainly most original. But what we miss in the theatre generally is an indication of that definite purpose which so often lies at the foundation of a permanent success. Most injudicious, for instance, was the revival of *Hamlet*, which just served to remind people of the loss of Mr. Charles Kean, and to acquaint them with the fact that Mr. George Melville—a useful actor on occasion—had no pretension to play the Prince of Denmark. The most fortunate pieces brought out at the Princess's have been the farces in which Miss Louise Keeley plays the principal character, and a version of the *Gabrielle* of M. Emile Augier, which, as if by a happy accident, hits the talent of a not very strong company.

The Strand Theatre still prospers in its combination of farce and burlesque—its newest production of importance being a travesty of *Romeo and Juliet*, admirably acted and most tastefully put upon the stage. Several of the daily critics have condemned the author of this piece under a sort of *ex post facto* law, calling him to account for the heavy misdemeanours of burlesquing "Shakespeare," and interlarding his dialogue with slang. Similar offences have been committed, not only with impunity, but with approbation, for at least twenty years—to say nothing of the mock tragedies of the eighteenth century—and the most modern sinner is visited with a long accumulated vengeance. The hopeful may perhaps see in the oburgation of *Romeo and Juliet* a reaction against that spirit of burlesque which more than anything has weakened the respect of the public for an ideal form of drama; but they will moderate their expectations when they learn that three of the chief parodists of the day—Messrs. F. Talfourd, R. B. Brough, and Byron—are busy in the preparation of Christmas entertainments.

The experiment of low prices made at the St. James's Theatre by the present manager, Mr. Chatterton, has resulted in more than transient prosperity, and an establishment long reputed the most unfortunate in London, is now permanently added to the already long list of metropolitan playhouses. The reduction of the tariff, it may be observed, does not extend to the stalls and private boxes, so that the solicitation for plebeian patronage does not necessarily exclude patrician audiences. Light comic drama and burlesque, less elaborately produced than at the Strand Theatre, constitute the staple entertainment at the St. James's, while there is a special attraction in the vivacious *danses*, Lydia Thompson, the display of whose talent is always a leading consideration in the arrangement of the evening's business.

Neither at the Haymarket nor at the Olympic has any novelty of importance been produced; but Mr. Charles Mathews at the former, and Mr. Robson at the latter, have chiefly appealed to the public in well-known characters. An attempt was made at the Haymarket to revive that senseless mixture of indecency and

profanity, Mrs. Centlivre's *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, but it found no favour with the audience, and was withdrawn after a week's performance.

Sadler's Wells of course remains true to its legitimate vocation; but the present season is distinguished from all that have gone before by the success of a new piece based on a French original. Hitherto Pentonville has prided itself on an exclusive taste for the old and the British; and though, in the early days of Mr. Phelps's management, many poetical aspirants were allowed to use his boards for experiments in the poetical drama—just as youthful Parisian "classicists" are permitted the run of the Odéon—these experiments so invariably proved abortive, that for several years novelty has been shunned as a repulsive attribute. The credit of forming a startling exception to a standing rule belongs to Mr. Tom Taylor, who has fitted Mr. Phelps with an appropriate character in a new play which is called the *Fool's Revenge*, and which, though the subject is borrowed from the *Roi s'amuse* of M. Victor Hugo, differs sufficiently in treatment to merit the praise of originality.

At the Surrey Theatre, Mr. Creswick, who is a spirited actor of heroic parts, and is moreover one of the lessees of the house, preserves a certain legitimate tendency, though by no means to the exclusion of the old melodramatic element so long associated with Transpentine fame. Shakespeare therefore alternates with works of intense domestic interest, and now and then there is a new play in blank verse, nominally built on an historical foundation, and generally distinguished by a very free use of the record. In the last novelty, for instance, entitled the *Patriot Spy*, the great Duke of Alva met his death in a Brussels riot, of which a scion of the Van Artevelde was the ringleader. Nevertheless, eccentric as its manifestations may be, there is no doubt that a taste for the poetical drama is more prevalent in the suburbs than in central London.

REVIEWS.

RAWLINSON'S BAMPTON LECTURES.*

THE Bampton Lectures till the last two years had been a byword for divine vacuity and dullness. Dr. White had created a literary sensation by his plagiarisms, and Dr. Hampden had created a theological sensation by his heterodoxy. The rest of the series, having prosed their hour, slept on the shelves of college libraries "the long sleep without a waking." But for the last two years the Lecture has displayed startling signs of life and interest. In 1858, Mr. Mansel undertook, with his logical scythe, to mow down all the theological rationalists—a feat which he accomplished with complete success, for it can scarcely be considered a detraction from his success that, as some think, he inadvertently mowed off his own legs, the object of controversy obviously being to destroy the tenets of your adversaries, not to establish your own. In 1859, Mr. Rawlinson, emulating his immediate predecessor, undertakes to confute all the historical rationalists, to rescue the narrative both of the Old and New Testament from their sceptical arguments, and to place the evidences of that narrative on a level with the full requirements of the new science of historical criticism which arose in France with the labours of Pouilly and Beaufort, was developed to a far greater height in Germany under Niebuhr, and has found in England its latest, but by no means its least, master in the person of Sir G. C. Lewis. Mr. Rawlinson fully admits that historical criticism is a true science, and that it has achieved great results in its own sphere; and he further admits that the narrative of the Old and New Testament cannot claim to be exempted from its ordeal. All he demands is a fair application of its principles to this subject, confident that if they are fairly applied, the evidences of revelation will come out unscathed. Hitherto he thinks the application of the principles of historical criticism to the Bible history has not been fair. The general positions against which he directs his arguments are summed up in the following passage, which gives a kind of conspectus of historical rationalism as affecting the narrative of Scripture:—

The portion of the Scripture history which was first subjected to the application of the new principles was the historical part of the Old Testament. It was soon declared that a striking parallelism existed between this history and the early records of most heathen nations. The miracles in the narrative were compared with the prodigies and divine appearances related by Herodotus and Livy. The chronology was said to bear marks, like that of Rome and Babylon, of artificial arrangement; the recurrence of similar numbers, and especially of round numbers, particularly indicating its unhistorical character. The names of kings, it was observed, were frequently so apposite, that the monarchs supposed to have borne them must be regarded as fictitious personages, like Theseus and Numa. Portions of the sacred narrative were early declared to present every appearance of being simply myths; and by degrees it was sought to attach to the whole history, from first to last, a legendary and unreal character. All objections taken by rationalists or infidels to particular relations in the sacred books being allowed as valid, it was considered a sufficient account of such relations to say, that the main source of the entire narrative was oral tradition—that it first took a written shape many hundreds of years after the supposed date of the circumstances narrated, the authors being poets rather than historians,

* *The Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records, stated anew, with Special References to the Doubts and Discoveries of Modern Times.* In Eight Lectures, delivered in the Oxford University Pulpit, at the Bampton Lecture for 1859. By George Rawlinson, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College. London: Murray. 1859.

and bent rather on glorifying their native country than on giving a true relation of facts—and that in places they had not even confined themselves to the exaggeration and embellishment of actual occurrences, but had allowed imagination to step in and fill up blanks in their annals (19). By some, attempts were made to disentangle the small element of fact which lay involved in so much romance and poetry from the mass in which it was embedded; but the more logical minds rejected this as a vain and useless labour, maintaining that no separation which was other than arbitrary could be effected; and that the events themselves, together with the dress in which they appeared, "constituted a whole belonging to the province of poetry and mythus." It was argued that by this treatment the sacredness and divinity and even the substantial truth of the Scriptures was left unassailed; the literal meaning only being discarded, and an allegorical one substituted in its place. Lastly, the name of Origen was produced from the primitive and best ages of Christianity to sanction this system of interpretation, and save it from the fatal stigma of entire and absolute novelty.

When the historical character of the Old Testament, assailed on all sides by clever and eloquent pens, and weakly defended by here and there a single hesitating apologist, seemed to those who had conducted the warfare irretrievably demolished and destroyed, the New Testament became, after a pause, the object of attack to the same school of writers. It was felt, no doubt, to be a bold thing to characterize as a collection of myths the writings of an age of general enlightenment—nay, even of incredulity and scepticism; and perhaps a lingering regard for what so many souls held precious stayed the hands of those who nevertheless saw plainly, that the New Testament was open to the same method of attack as the Old, and that an inexorable logic required that both should be received or neither. A pause therefore ensued, but a pause of no long duration. First, particular portions of the New Testament narrative, as the account of our Lord's infancy, and of the Temptation, were declared to possess equal tokens of a mythic origin with those which had been previously regarded as fatal to the historical character of Old Testament stories, and were consequently singled out for rejection. Then, little by little, the same system of explanation was adopted with respect to more and more of the narrative; till at last, in the hands of Strauss, the whole came to be resolved into pure myth and legend, and the historical Christ being annihilated, the world was told to console itself with a "God-man, eternally incarnate, not an individual, but an idea," which on examination turns out to be no God at all, but mere man—man perfected by nineteenth-century enlightenment—dominant over nature by the railroad and the telegraph, and over himself by the negation of the merely natural and sensual life, and the substitution for it of the intellectual, or (in the nomenclature of the school) the spiritual.

The issues here raised are vast indeed. They are too vast to be satisfactorily dealt with in the narrow compass of eight lectures; and probably the judgment of the world will be that the book, as a whole, though undeniably the work of an able and highly informed man, falls short of that which its author has undertaken. *Magnis tamen excidit ausis.* This remark especially applies to the portion relating to the history of the New Testament, which is, in fact, little more than a restatement (clear and condensed, no doubt, and therefore valuable) of the arguments of the standard apologists of Christianity. There is, however, one portion of the work which, perhaps, Mr. Rawlinson and his brother alone could have written, and which is in itself sufficient to give these Lectures a claim to the attention of theologians and historical students. We mean the portion contained in Lectures III., IV., V., which confirms points in the Old Testament narrative by reference to the history, especially to the monumental history, of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Phœnicia, and Persia. The occasionally striking character and importance of the coincidences which Mr. Rawlinson conceives to be established between the Scripture account of events and the parallel accounts of the other nations may be best illustrated by a specimen:—

The events belonging to the reign of Earsaddon, which are introduced by the sacred writers into their narrative, are but few. As his father was contemporary with Hezekiah, we naturally regard him as falling into the time of Manasseh; and it has therefore been generally felt that he should be the king of Assyria, whose captains "took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him with fetters, and carried him to Babylon." The monuments confirm the synchronism which Scripture implies, by distinctly mentioning "Manasseh, king of Judah," among the tributaries of Earsaddon; and though no direct confirmation has as yet been found of the captivity and restoration of the Jewish monarch, yet the narrative contains an incidental allusion which is in very remarkable harmony with the native records. One is greatly surprised at first hearing that the generals of an *Assyrian* king, on capturing a rebel, carried him to *Babylon* instead of Nineveh—one is almost inclined to suspect a mistake. "What has a king of Assyria to do with Babylon?" one naturally asks. The reply is, that Earsaddon, and he only of all the *Assyrian* kings, actually was king of Babylon—that he built a palace, and occasionally held his court there—and that consequently a captive was as likely to be brought to him at that city as at the metropolis of Assyria Proper. Had the narrative fallen under the reign of any other Assyrian monarch, this explanation could not have been given; and the difficulty would have been considerable. Occurring where it does, it furnishes no difficulty at all, but is one of those small points of incidental agreement which are more satisfactory to a candid mind than even a very large amount of harmony in the main narrative.

The following—relating not, as Mr. Rawlinson's instances almost invariably do, to the *natural*, but to the *miraculous*, part of the Scripture narrative—is of a more interesting, but, in the estimation of the author himself, of a less definite and conclusive kind:—

Berosus appears to have kept silence on the subject of Nebuchadnezzar's mysterious malady. I cannot think, with Hengstenberg, that either he or Abydenus intended any allusion to this remarkable fact in the accounts which they furnished of his decease. It was not to be expected that the native writer would tarnish the glory of his country's greatest monarch by any mention of an affliction which was of so strange and debasing a character. Nor is it at all certain that he would be aware of it. As Nebuchadnezzar outlived his affliction, and was again "established in his kingdom," all monuments belonging to the time of his malady would have been subject to his own revision; and if any record of it was allowed to descend to posterity, care would have been taken that the truth was not made too plain, by couching the record in sufficiently ambiguous phraseology. Berosus may have read, without fully understanding it, a document which has descended to modern times in a tolerably complete condition, and which seems to contain an allusion

to the fact that the great king was for a time incapacitated for the discharge of the royal functions. In the inscription known as the "Standard Inscription" of Nebuchadnezzar, the monarch himself relates, that during some considerable time—four years apparently—all his great works were at a stand—"he did not build high places—he did not lay up treasures—he did not sing the praises of his Lord, Merodach—he did not offer him sacrifice—he did not keep up the works of irrigation." The cause of this suspension, at once of religious worship and of works of utility, is stated in the document in phrases of such obscurity as to be unintelligible: until, therefore, a better explanation is offered, it cannot but be regarded as at least highly probable, that the passage in question contains the royal version of that remarkable story with which Daniel concludes his notice of the great Chaldean sovereign.

In one instance we venture to think Mr. Rawlinson has caught too eagerly at a piece of monumental evidence of a very questionable kind. We mean the well-known account given by Procopius of the inscription at Tangier recording that the inhabitants were those who fled (Mr. Rawlinson, incorrectly, says—"were the descendants of those who fled") from the face of Joshua the son of Nun the robber. The enormous antiquity of two thousand years, double that of any known Phœnician inscription—the improbability that characters so archaic should have been decipherable by philologists of the age of Justinian—the impersonal form of the inscription—the strangeness of a monument recording defeat instead of victory, and expulsion from the old country instead of the conquest of the new—the betrayal of a knowledge of Joshua's exact Scripture appellation, "the son of Nun"—all these are arguments against the authenticity of the account of Procopius urged by Mr. Kenrick, which it seems to us Mr. Rawlinson but feebly meets. It must also be observed that Procopius cites the supposed inscription in evidence of an account of the wanderings of the expelled Canaanites, which is obviously a fiction, and a fiction of a rather circumstantial kind. Indeed we are surprised to see the Tangier inscription evoked from its long repose.

We have as little doubt of the popularity of these Lectures as we have of the great historical learning and general qualifications of their author. The tone is, perhaps unavoidably, rather polemical; and there is too much tendency throughout to treat errors, or alleged errors, as though they arose from moral depravity, as well as to underrate the capacity and learning of writers who certainly are not "ignorant," if they are "bold." The style is clear, but a little cumbersome; and a fine scholar like Mr. Rawlinson ought to respect the purity of language, and not use such words as *Ægyptologer*, but leave them to half-educated men of science who are unable otherwise to express themselves, and whose works, we may hope, will some day be translated into the English tongue.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.*

EVERYONE who has at any time set about writing or telling a story knows that the great difficulty is to get some central knot or embarrassment of plot, or some central character, to start with. This difficulty is so considerable, and it is so especially hard to hit on any groundwork of a plot which has not been already used a hundred times, that the mere fact that the central notion of a story is new ought to tell very greatly in the storyteller's favour. The basis on which *A Life for a Life* is founded is, so far as we are aware, new. The lover has murdered the lady's brother. Of course, until a late period of the story she is unconscious that he has murdered any one, and he is unconscious that it is the lady's brother whom he has murdered. Here is a good central difficulty; and as its main interest must necessarily consist in its relation to the characters of the chief persons who are affected by it, the great thing was to invent suitable characters to perceive, suffer under, and escape from the embarrassment. The authoress very wisely saw that there was only one way in which the difficulty could be escaped from. The lovers must marry in spite of the unfortunate circumstance that threatened to separate them. If any *deus ex machinâ* were introduced, and it was discovered that in some curious way the murdered man was not murdered, or the dead person turned out not to have been the lady's brother after all, a fraud would have been committed on the reader, and he would have been most unhandsonely seduced into sliding on the edges of many curious moral problems without any real occasion whatever existing for his having been taken out of the beaten path. If the lovers were to be finally deterred from marrying, our sympathies would be shocked by an accidental circumstance standing in the way of lawful love. Of course, the guilt of the murder is reduced to a minimum, and when the murderer finally decides to give himself up to justice, and takes his trial, he only receives the mild sentence of a month's imprisonment. It is not that a legal crime stands in the way of the lovers, but it is the circumstance that the murdered man is the lady's brother that causes the knot, and it is quite right to let the lovers boldly triumph over the difficulty, and insist that the living shall not be sacrificed to the dead. Thus the first thing is to represent characters capable of entertaining a deep affection—then to give them the delicacy of feeling which would make them alive to the horrors of their situation after the great discovery is made—and lastly, to make the patience and common sense necessary for their ultimate happiness sit naturally on them.

* *A Life for a Life*. By the Author of "John Halifax." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1859.

The conception of the two characters chosen strikes us as clever and successful. The lady is one of the small, plainish, bright-eyed, Broad Church young women of twenty-five who are now so much and so deservedly in fashion with our superior novelists. The man is a doctor of forty—a lonely, wise, ascetic, benevolent sanitary reformer. So far as our experience or our imagination extends, we should say that these persons are well fitted to love and appreciate each other. Of the minor characters and the thread of the story we need not speak, because the merit of the book lies in the discovery of the embarrassment and in the conception of the two main characters. The work has that very rare feature among novels that it has something new in it. Nor is it only in the matter that the novelty lies. There is something new in the form. The story is supposed to be told by extracts from the journals of the lovers. First comes a chapter in which the lady tells us how she is getting on and feeling, and then follows a chapter in which the gentleman sums up his experiences. We are not quite sure whether the device is a good one or not. Perhaps in no other way could so many expressions of sentiment, moral difficulties, and distressing doubts be so naturally introduced; but on the other hand, there is a great waste of space in the construction of clumsy but necessary machinery. The things written down are so odd, as part of a journal, that the journal-writer has perpetually to give an account of the reasons which have led to their introduction. Many letters, for example, are set out *in extenso*, and as it is not usual for persons to copy into their journals letters of which they possess the original, the writer has to begin by setting out that the letter is copied out as a solemn duty, or to stamp the contents on his or her mind, or to guard against some very curious contingency that might or might not happen if he or she died very suddenly. At first these innocent shifts do not attract much notice, but after a time we begin to get weary of them, and tacitly take the long, solemn, and mournful pleas of the journal-writer as a mere announcement that the authoress finds the wheels of her little machine rather hard to grease.

There are some parts of the book of which we should think very highly if we were sure that they were not blemishes. That such a doubt can exist may show how difficult it is to criticise a novel. There are passages of *A Life for a Life* as to which we do not feel certain whether they are simply meant to be illustrative of the characters the authoress is trying to draw, or whether they are her own sentiments put into the mouth of the persons of her story. The young lady, for instance, in the earlier part of the work, before she is deeply in love and books her sweet experiences in her journal, deals with rather more abstract subjects, and makes the best remarks in her power on life, destiny, scenery, or religion. All, or almost all, journal-writers do this; and we should suppose a young lady's journal contained many artless confidences of the sort. A journal is to most people a kind of receptacle for expressions they know to be weak about subjects they know to be too big for them. That they should give vent to these expressions is by no means an evil. Weak expressions are better than utter vagueness, and happy are those in whom the heat of the sun and the thorns and briars of life have not choked all interest in big subjects. But in estimating the value of the book, we wish to know whether the authoress inserted the passages in the heroine's journal to which we refer because she thought them characteristic of the fictitious person supposed to be keeping the journal, or because the authoress herself considered them true, valuable, and substantially important remarks. We might perhaps be more inclined to believe that she has merely tried to take off the usual manner of journal-writing, were it not that a similar doubt is raised in many other parts of the book. For instance, when the heroine is making up her mind whether the fact that the murdered man is her brother ought to divide her from her lover, she repeatedly says that she feels sure that "poor Henry is looking at them from Heaven, and telling them that all is forgiven." This poor Henry is elsewhere described as a low, blustering, drunken, brutal bully, who provoked his awfully sudden end. Now, if we could be sure that the authoress meant nothing more than that a sensible girl, in the state of nervous weakness produced by a harassing revelation, might not unnaturally base a wise decision on silly and extravagant reasons, we should admire the ingenuity of the writer who brought so nice a shade of character to our notice. But we do not feel quite sure that the authoress does not think that the reason given is a good one. She speaks as if passing fancies about the present state of the dead could by some possibility be wisely taken into account in shaping the course of human action. We are almost afraid that the authoress is too closely identified with her characters to allow us to hope that when they talk nonsense she is not to be held responsible.

Of course there is one defect in the book which, under the circumstances, was unavoidable. The hero is a woman. Very possibly a middle-aged sanitary reformer is as likely to have qualms of conscience and deep affections as any man, and the authoress did well in selecting him as the lover for her oddly-constructed story. But when a lady has to put out in full the thoughts, doubts, creed, and principles of such a man, what is she to do? She has no resource but to think how she would like a sanitary reformer who was attached to her to feel, and think, and believe. Few persons can separate their ideal from themselves; and therefore, when the authoress constructs her ideal sanitary

reformer, she has no thoughts or ideas to give him which she has not already allotted to the heroine. The Doctor, therefore, is merely a solemn repetition of the lady. But the authoress is not to be much blamed for this. We do not see how it is possible for a woman to draw the internal character of a man. She may notice external peculiarities and attribute to him probable actions, but she cannot sketch his thoughts or represent his mode of looking at himself and the world, because she has never had anything like the same experience, and if she had she would not venture to let the traces of her experience appear in print. The thoughts and opinions assigned to the sanitary reformer are very good in their way, and it is difficult to say but that, if men of forty really thought and spoke like ladies of twenty-five, it would be a moral improvement. We are, however, in some measure reconciled to the existing state of things by reflecting that, if this were so, middle-aged men would probably be even more unpopular with women than they are now.

There is a great deal of sermonising in a *A Life for a Life*, and it is very prettily done. It is some time since a novel has appeared which has made us feel how completely in our days the novel is the substitute for the sermon. Here there is a text taken—namely, that sins, when forsaken and repented of, ought to be forgiven on earth. Appropriate passages from Scripture are introduced to back up this position, and a story is constructed to illustrate it. It is in this that the novel-writer has so great an advantage over her rival in the pulpit. She can sustain the attention by showing practically how her system works, and can engage the feelings as well as the reason on her side. She can point her moral by applying it to particular human beings, instead of leaving everything in the vagueness of doctrinal exhortation. She has also much more latitude of belief. If she likes to throw in a little dash of heretical or unusual opinion, there is no one to stop her. There are no ecclesiastical courts, or delegacies of neighbouring parsons for her. So long as she does not go openly wrong, and get her book pronounced dangerous, she can insinuate any opinions she pleases in a quiet way. We must add that she is read with real attention by persons who are comfortable, warm, and at home while they read her. On the whole, she is far more powerful, more popular, and more unfettered than the preacher. Nor do we much regret her influence. If better sermons get to the public in the new than in the old-fashioned way, why should we object? We may, indeed, be glad that the inequality of the sexes is so far remedied. The rules of the Christian Church prevent women from taking part in the public service; but now they have found a way, perfectly decorous and feminine, of giving us sermons, and there is not the slightest reason why the sermons should not be good. The sermon preached in *A Life for a Life* seems to us much above the average; and if there are one or two queer points in it, we may be rather pleased than otherwise to find them there. What makes pulpit sermons bad is often the woodenness, narrowness, and obtuseness of the congregation, who tease and worry their pastor till they have got him to give discourses adapted to gratify all their prejudices. The novel-writer stands in a much less intimate relation with her congregation, and therefore says more what she pleases. We may read her discourses with profit as well as with pleasure; and it is not often we come across a better discourse than that provided for us in *A Life for a Life*.

THE EPIDEMICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.*

WHILE the separate sciences of psychology and physiology have made considerable progress, and have their recognised doctrines, methods, and schools of investigators, the border-ground between them has been but little cultivated. The phenomena of mind as they may be known to consciousness, and the phenomena of organization as they lie open to outward observation, have been more or less accurately and completely observed and reduced to uniform laws. The reciprocal influence, however, of the mind and body, though vaguely acknowledged, is very far, as yet, from being scientifically appreciated. As the science of municipal law has attained a state of considerable excellence while that of international law is as yet scarcely existent, so phenomena assumed to be purely physical, and phenomena assumed to be purely mental, have been treated with a degree of skill and success which cannot be predicated of those in which somatic and psychical co-efficients are manifestly intermingled. "The conflict of laws" has not yet been reduced to the higher principles in which they may find their reconciliation. The most valuable contributions to this difficult and delicate subject are to be found in the works of the French writers of the school of Condillac. It may, indeed, be said to have been first clearly opened out in the treatise of Cabanis, *Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme*. Narrow and inadequate as the sensational doctrine professed by the "Ideologues" certainly was, its very narrowness had the useful effect of concentrating their attention upon one very important side of human nature. In England, the matter has been left almost entirely in the hands of the phrenologists, and has suffered some discredit in consequence. It has, it is true, been to a certain extent treated of by

writers on both physiology and psychology, but only incidentally and as a supplement to their proper subjects. As a border-land, as yet acknowledging no independent jurisdiction, both have shown a desire to "annex" it to their own territory. They have transferred to it, too indiscriminately and exclusively, the results and methods proper within their respective departments of research, and have not sufficiently allowed each other's partnership. Or, to recur to our political metaphor, they have been unwilling to admit the right of joint-protectorate, which, in the present state of affairs, is all that can be conceded to either. Both in England and Germany, however, there have been many signs of late of an awakening interest in this obscure subject, and a desire to submit it to a thorough and methodical investigation. We may refer, in illustration, to Sir Henry Holland's *Chapters on Mental Physiology*, and Sir Benjamin Brodie's *Psychological Inquiries*, and to the elaborate and valuable treatises of Mr. Bain, which are throughout devoted to tracing the connexion between the several mental processes involved in the exercise of the Senses and Intellect, and the Emotions and the Will, and the bodily organs through which they act. The German psychologists, whom Mr. Morell cites and expounds in his *Elements of Psychology*, treat in their own way the same subject, refusing to allow any distinction between vital and psychical forces, regarding the soul as an immanent plastic principle, latent in the primary cell-germ, and no less operative in the phenomena of growth and nutrition than in the highest developments of the conscious mind. Whatever may be thought of the method and conclusions of some of these writers, the subject is now in a way to be fairly canvassed; and even in the case of the cloudiest of them, the effort *ex fumo dare lucem* is not altogether hopeless.

The monographs (four in number) of Dr. Hecker on some of the more remarkable *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, which Dr. Babington has translated and brought together in the volume before us, contain valuable materials for the inquirer into the mutual relations of mental and bodily affections. That they refer to abnormal or diseased manifestations is an advantage rather than otherwise. What are called abnormal phenomena are the consequences of the unrestrained action of laws which, in their ordinary operation, are checked and balanced by other laws now, for the time being, nearly or altogether suspended. When many causes combine to produce a complex effect, it is difficult to assign its share in the result to each. But where a single element, or only a few elements, are in operation, the real character and tendencies of each come out with unusual clearness. Such cases furnish what Bacon calls "glaring instances"—that is to say, instances in which the phenomenon to be examined "stands naked and alone, and this in an eminent manner, or in the highest degree of its power." When, as in the case of epidemics, mental and bodily, the same influences are observed affecting great multitudes of men, facility of accurate observation is greatly increased. Merely accidental phenomena, present here and absent there, eliminate each other.

Looked at from our present point of view, and putting aside both the purely medical and the historical interest which attaches to the wide-spread epidemics which Dr. Hecker describes, his treatises may be divided into two classes. The essays on "The Black-Death" and the "Sweating Sickness" display principally the influence of physical derangement on the mind; while the accounts of the "Dancing Mania" and the "Child-Pilgrimages" exhibit the reverse influence of mental delusion and excitement upon the bodily states.

"The Black-Death," or "Great Mortality," is the celebrated pestilence which, proceeding westward from China, devastated Europe during the years 1347–1351, destroying, according to Dr. Hecker's computation, in our continent alone not less than twenty-five millions of inhabitants. Slightly mentioned by historians, the memory of it has been kept alive principally by Boccaccio's *Decameron*. In England—whence, after raging during an entire year, it disappeared in August, 1349—scarcely a tenth-part of the population is said to have remained alive; "but this estimate," Dr. Hecker admits, "is evidently too high. Smaller losses," he darkly hints, "were sufficient to cause those convulsions whose consequences were felt for some centuries in a false impulse given to civil life, and whose indirect influence, unknown to the English, has perhaps extended even to modern times." (P. 25.) In the absence of any explanation by Dr. Hecker of his own meaning, we imagine that he refers to the popular tumults of Ball and Tyler and Strawe, which may perhaps be traced back to the distress and demoralization of all classes occasioned by the pestilence. It is curious, we may note, in passing, that Chaucer, who alludes to the disturbances of "Jakke Strawe and his meinie," who was already an author during the period of the plague, and whose acquaintance with and obligations to the writings of Boccaccio are notorious, should nowhere, directly or indirectly, mention the Black-Death.

In connexion with his speculations as to the origin of the Great Mortality, Dr. Hecker's peculiar philosophy makes its appearance. He seems to hold the Platonic doctrine that the universe is an animal—*τὸ πᾶν ζῷον*. He regards "the world with all its living creatures" as "one animated being." He reproaches his medical predecessors, that in their observations and reasonings upon epidemics, it did not "occur to them to take a more exalted stand, whence they could comprehend at one view those stupendous phenomena of organic collective life wherein the whole spirit of humanity powerfully and wonderfully moves, and thus

* *The Epidemics of the Middle Ages*. From the German of J. F. C. Hecker, M.D. Translated by B. G. Babington, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Third Edition, completed by the Author's Treatise on "Child-Pilgrimages." London: Trübner and Co. 1859.

regard them as one whole in which higher laws of nature, uniting together the utmost diversity of individual parts, might be anticipated or perceived," (pp. x. xi.) His essays are an attempt to "penetrate with becoming reverence into the sanctuary of cosmical and microcosmical science," and to prepare the way for the discovery of "the connexion between the processes which occur above and those which occur below the surface of the earth," and "of those higher laws which govern the progression of the existence of mankind." The causes of the pestilence he finds in the "mighty revolutions of the organism of the earth" which preceded it. "From China to the Atlantic the foundations of the earth were shaken." From the year 1333, fifteen years before the outbreak of the plague in Europe, a series of earthquakes, droughts, deluges, plagues of locusts and other insects, and terrestrial commotions of the most violent character, continuing for twenty-six years, devastated Asia and Europe. Fiery meteors were abundant. The very atmosphere itself was decomposed by the noxious vapours which, from thousands of chasms, mingled with it; and "a thick, stinking vapour advanced from the East, and spread itself over Italy." To these "cosmical" phenomena Dr. Hecker attributes the origin of the Black Death. The coincidence is remarkable. The possibility of a causal connexion between these convulsions "in the inmost depths of the earth" and the pestilence which followed them, by no means depends upon his theory of "universal organic life," which, whether it be in advance of, or behind, the state of philosophical speculation in England, is in either case little fitted for discussion among us. He finds confirmation of it, however, in the events which followed as well as in those which preceded the plague:—

After the cessation of the Black Plague, a greater fecundity in women was everywhere remarkable—a grand phenomenon, which, from its occurrence after every destructive pestilence, proves to conviction, if any occurrence can do so, the prevalence of a higher power in the direction of general organic life. Marriages were, almost without exception, prolific; and double and treble births were more frequent than at other times; under which head, we should remember the strange remark, that after the "great mortality" the children were said to have got fewer teeth than before; at which contemporaries were mightily shocked, and even later writers have felt surprise.

If we examine the grounds of this oft-repeated assertion, we shall find that they were astonished to see children cut twenty, or at most, twenty-two teeth, under the supposition that a greater number had formerly fallen to their share. Some writers of authority, as, for example, the physician Savonarola, at Ferrara, who probably looked for twenty-eight teeth in children, published their opinions on this subject. Others copied from them, without seeing for themselves, as often happens in other matters which are equally evident; and thus the world believed in the miracle of an imperfection in the human body which had been caused by the Black Plague.

The rapidity with which an enormously reduced population will recruit its numbers—in the absence, especially, of the moral checks which it is one of the effects of wide-spread calamities to lead men to disregard—sufficiently explains the fact which Dr. Hecker attributes to the exceptional "prevalence of a higher power in the direction of general organic life." The belief in the greater number of double and triple births, on the part of the authorities who witness to the decrease in the number of human teeth, may so plausibly be attributed to that love of the marvellous, natural always to undisciplined minds, and especially natural to them under the influence of strong excitement, that it scarcely deserves consideration. A few instances are multiplied indefinitely, confirmatory examples are remembered, and contradictory cases ignored.

The moral results of the pestilence came more easily within the range of ordinary apprehension than its "cosmical" causes and consequences. They may one and all be traced back to the influence of terror upon the mind, showing itself now in the recklessness which, shrinking from the thought of the future, seizes hold of the present for what physical enjoyments it can afford, now in the absorption of the entire nature in the one hope of self-preservation, and leading in both cases to the undoing of all moral ties. Instances of boundless sensual excess on the one hand, and, on the other, of desertion of the nearest kindred in their necessity, through dread of infection, make up the staple of the accounts of the Black Death, as they do of the reports of every other great pestilence. The debasing effects of fear—the most entirely selfish and degraded of human feelings, than which no other brings out so clearly all the worst elements of our nature—and its power of entirely oversetting the balance of the mind, morally and intellectually, are conspicuously displayed on occasions of great and inevitable public peril. They justify the instinctive contempt and aversion with which cowardice has been regarded by all men in all times. In addition to the personal demoralization which attended the course of the Black Death through Europe, the pestilence had other social effects which deserve to be mentioned. Among these was the origin of the order of the Flagellants, which, originating in Hungary, spread to Germany, Poland, Bohemia, Silesia, and Flanders. Its members "took upon themselves the repentance of the people for the sins they had committed," and scourged themselves in vicarious expiation as they passed by day and by night, in summer and winter, in vast bands through city and country. The persecution of the Jews in the chief towns of Switzerland and Germany on the charge of poisoning the wells—in Mayence alone 12,000 Jews are said to have been put to a cruel death—is another feature in the picture of the Great Mortality. These two historical circumstances respectively illustrate the effects of fear in relation to divine and human things, in engendering superstition on the one hand, and suspicion on the other. In the

presence of constraining terror, the mind seems deprived of the very power to obey the "great commandment" of love to God and man. That the persecution of the Jews was not based upon religious hatred of them, though this feeling may have acted as a secondary motive, is shown by the fact that in cities in which Jews did not reside, some other class—generally the gravediggers—inevitably became the object of the mistrust and delusions which were elsewhere directed against the former.

In the history of the Black Death we see in unrestrained action the passion of fear, fostered by the accompanying prostration of physical diseases. In the accounts of the Dancing Mania, as it has existed at different times in Germany and the Netherlands, in Asia and America, and in the reports of the Child Pilgrimages of the Middle Ages, we observe the morbid manifestation of the principles of sympathy and imitation over-riding in a similar way all the other faculties. The commonly-known facts which Adam Smith lays at the basis of his "Theory of the Moral Sentiments" exhibit the normal state of the universal tendency to reproduce the outward states of others. "When," he remarks, "we see a stroke aimed, and just ready to fall upon the leg or arm of another person, we naturally shrink and draw back our own leg or our own arm. . . . The mob, when they are gazing at a dancer on the slack-rope, naturally writhe and twist and balance their own bodies as they see him do. . . . Persons of delicate fibres and a weak constitution of body complain that in looking on the sores and ulcers which are exposed by beggars in the streets, they are apt to feel an itching or uneasy sensation in the corresponding parts of their own bodies. . . . Men of the most robust make observe that in looking upon sore eyes they often feel a very sensible soreness in their own." Everyone has experience of the tendency of the mere conception of bodily states to produce the states in question. When they are realized to the eye the tendency is stronger—much more so when multitudes of persons are observed yielding to the same influence. Again, the assumption of the external expression of a feeling reacts on and intensifies the feeling itself, which finds vent in yet more vehement expression. These principles of human nature adequately account for the diffusion (when once they have appeared) of such epidemics as the Dancing Mania, the Lycanthropia of the ancients, and the existence of such sects as French Convulsionnaires, the English Jumpers, and the American Barkers, of whom "whole bands are seen running on all-fours, and growling as if they wished to indicate, even by their outward form, the shocking degradation of their human nature." The origin of these maladies is a matter of more special observation, and of inference from historic data. The outbreak of the Dancing Mania in Europe, which first appeared in Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1374, and was known as St. John's Dance, is attributed by Dr. Hecker to the following causes and occasion. The wretched moral and physical condition of the peasantry of Germany, which famine, and drought, and outrage of various kinds had induced, and which the effects of the Black Death, not yet subsided, had aggravated, induced a state of mind and body especially favourable to nervous disease. It was the custom of the German peasantry to celebrate the festival of St. John the Baptist with wild Bacchanalian dances. Considering that "the first dancers in Aix-la-Chapelle appeared with St. John's name in their mouths, the conjecture," Dr. Hecker thinks, "is probable that the wild revels of St. John's Day gave rise to this mental plague," or rather "served to bring to a crisis a malady which had long been impending." This supposition is supported by divers medical considerations, the weight of which it is for medical men to estimate. The details given of the mania, in its several forms, contain much interesting matter, to which we cannot now even briefly refer.

The Child-Pilgrimages, or boy-crusades of the Middle Ages, exhibit the same effect of sympathy in a different form, and acting under different conditions—not assuming the shape, that is to say, of an irrepressible convulsive excitement of the body, but of an overmastering impulse which left the mind free to plan, and the limbs to carry out, its accomplishment. The predominatingly imitative tendencies of children, and their keener nervous susceptibility, render them easily subject to mental epidemics, especially in times when the tendency is to encourage, as manifestations of Divine approval, such testimony from babes and sucklings. The three Child-Pilgrimages, of which Dr. Hecker gives account, bear the dates of 1212, 1237, and 1458. The second of them originated in connexion with the ceremonies which took place on occasion of the canonization of St. Elizabeth, the Landgravine of Thuringia. In Mr. Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy*, an expedition of boy-crusaders is introduced ten years earlier, either by a poetical license of anachronism, or on some authority which, in his copious citations of the accounts given by contemporary chroniclers, Dr. Hecker has overlooked. The dissertation on the "English Sweating Sickness," is more purely medical in subject and treatment than the other essays. Dr. Hecker's book exhibits the exhaustiveness of German erudition on the subjects to which it is devoted, with not a little of the weakness and extravagance often characteristic of German speculation. Addressed by the author to medical readers, and translated, in the first instance, for the members of the Sydenham Society, it is calculated to interest a wider class of readers and thinkers. Dr. Babington, we may add, has rendered the treatises it contains into clear and good English.

TWO YEARS IN EASTERN SEAS.*

FROM the autumn of 1854 till that of 1856 a small British squadron was cruising about the Japanese islands and on the neighbouring coasts of China, Tartary, and Siberia. One of the vessels so employed was the *Barracouta*, on which Mr. Tronson was serving, and whose adventures he recounts in the present volume. He made the best use of his opportunities of sight-seeing, and, though subsequent treaties and the greater facilities of intercourse so obtained have diminished the value of some of his observations, his story, which he tells with much spirit and simplicity, is a welcome addition to our stock of knowledge about this curious part of the world, so primitive in some of its social characteristics, so strangely mature in others, and guarded hitherto, for the most part, with such jealous perseverance from the scrutiny of foreign inquisitiveness. Kiusiu is the southernmost of the group of islands which form the Japanese Empire, and Nagasaki, its chief town, is but a day's sail from the north of the Yang-tze-o-kiang, where the English ships had been awaiting orders. It was a calm evening as they entered its outer harbour; around them lay the motionless junks, with their white square sails reflected in the blue water. On either side the land rose high and steep, with large guns peeping out at intervals from well-built batteries. Presently, a host of official boats, propelled by standing oarsmen, who kept time to a musical chant, came out to forbid their nearer approach, and the English vessels were brought to anchor in a lovely little bay, from whence they had a charming view of the surrounding country—"hill sides cultivated in terraces, shady valleys, whose sides were clothed with pines and evergreens, pleasant hamlets embowered in groves, with gardens and mountain rivulets, children gambolling, and peaceful peasants enjoying their evening rest by sauntering towards the water's edge with their tiny pipe, which appears to be ever in use." The strangers, however, might only look. A squadron of guard-boats kept them in a sort of honourable custody, and several weeks elapsed before the Governor could be induced to admit the English Admiral to his presence. Meanwhile, the reluctant authorities propitiated their impatient visitors with plentiful presents of vegetables, sweetmeats, and yams; and at last the much-talked-of conference was granted, and Sir J. Sterling, amidst all the pomp of stately mandarins, squatting courtiers, low-bent interpreters, gilded fans, and waving banners, was conducted to the palace, and contrived, at this and subsequent interviews, to lay the basis of a convention of navigation, by which two Japanese ports were for the future thrown open to English traders. The next service of the squadron was an attack upon a body of pirates who lurked by day among the bays and islands of the Canton river, and by night darted out in their long swift vessels, and disposed very summarily of any unlucky trading junks that came in their way. They were dark, sullen-looking fellows, whose narrow foreheads and black matted hair gave them an especially villainous expression. They had lately attacked a Chilean vessel and carried off a French lady, and Sir James Sterling resolved, in conjunction with the Chinese Admiral, upon attacking their principal stronghold in the island of Tylo, about thirty miles to the south-west of Hong Kong. Some steamers of light draught enabled them to pursue the marauders in the shallow creeks, and before long they were in full chase after three guilty junks, who crowded all sail for land, and were throwing their guns overboard to hasten their flight. Before the boats could come up with them the pirates had taken to the water, and were presently to be seen scampering up the neighbouring hill-sides or looking back ruefully at their flaming vessels. The pirate village was built in a strong natural position. A shelving beach and a cannon-mounted embankment guarded the approach, and a black flag waved defiantly on every eminence and at every embrasure. A few moments' fighting, however, proved the superiority of English muskets and cutlasses—everything that could move took to its legs—and the marines, who scoured the island in pursuit of the scattered fugitives, wandered at their ease through empty villages well stocked with fowls and pigs, cottages rich with the fittings of many a plundered ship, and gaudily-painted "josses," where oranges and tea were laid out as votive offerings to Buddha, and incense was still burning in honour of the deserted shrine.

The *Barracouta* was now for several months employed in defending British interests both at Canton and in the various estuaries of the Canton river. The rebels had established themselves in large numbers in Blenheim Fort, and had a formidable squadron lying before its walls. Before long an opportunity presented itself for bringing their prowess to a practical test. The Chinese Admiral had come down from Canton to review the Imperial fleet; and a bright sky, waving banners and pendants, tom-toms and gongs, had lent their cheering influences to the festivities of the occasion. The "show-pigeon" had been a great success, the junks had fired a parting salute, and the long train of the Admiral's escort was just disappearing amid the windings of the river, when signs of activity in the rebel fortress aroused the Imperialists from their well-earned repose of pipes and tea. Spears and swords glistened on the walls, crowds of gazers were gathering on the distant hills, and presently the plash of oars and

gathering hum of voices broke with unwelcome suggestiveness on the ear, as the Imperial junks forthwith hoisted sail and scudded ignominiously away in the vain hope of escape. Some ran ashore, where the enemy awaited them; some caught fire and sailed blazing before the wind, and their crews were speared in the water or beheaded on deck; others were carried off in triumph by the victors; and next morning two neat wicker cages containing the heads of captured mandarins were exalted on a neighbouring island, as a trophy of the fight and an admonition to all beholders of the summary procedure of the rebel camp.

In the spring of 1855, the *Barracouta* was ordered to an appointed rendezvous off the coast of Kamschatka; and here she cruised for some time, waiting for the rest of the squadron. Winter still reigned at sea, and storms, and fogs, and bitter cold made it a rough time. Whales and seals in numbers passed by them on their course to the sea of Ochotsk; flocks of wild ducks flew in long ranks toward the North; on calm days the sea-parrot sat gracefully pluming itself on the waves, and puffins flitted along the surface, half paddling with their scanty wings. The first sight of Kamschatka was intensely wild. A rugged range of snow-covered peaks formed the background to the coast—here and there dark cliffs standing out in violent contrast to the dazzling white of the rest—dim sea-caves, in which the tide roared with a hoarse murmur, and where sea-cows and otters made their haunt—high overhead sea-birds building their nests in crevices of the rocks. Petropolovski, from which the Russian occupants had but recently decamped, was the very picture of desolation. Half-starved dogs ran about howling with misery. Three men were sauntering in the streets, the only inhabitants; one of whom announced his nationality by the salutation, "I guess ye're rather late, Admiral"—a remark which the forlorn condition of everything about him rendered entirely unimpeachable.

In July the squadron visited Ayan, in Siberia. It was a clear summer evening when they came in sight of land, fifty miles off. A light breeze just moved the vessel through the water, "the sun, deep red, set behind a snowy peak, leaving a night, clear and cool, without a cloud to hide the brightness of countless stars which studded the deep blue vault above." Their appearance soon put the inhabitants in commotion. A soldier pulled down the Russian flag, shouldered his carbine, and marched away; whole households were departing with their goods; horses trotting to and fro. An English officer took possession of the town in the name of the allies, and invited the inhabitants to return to their homes. Some Americans had already established "a speculation in notions," and were driving a good trade in cutlery, brandy, and tobacco with the whalers and ships of war that visited the port. In the absence of the proprietors, Mr. Tronson and his companions explored the buildings of the town, from the rude Cossack barracks, fitted with inclined benches for beds, to the Governor's house, where billiard-tables, damask hangings, and comfortable lounges bespoke a not unsuccessful pursuit of luxury under difficulties. Some weeks later the *Barracouta* was ordered southwards, and sailed, under a cloudless summer sky, along the lovely coasts of Yezo, past rich green plains, sloping gradually up to lofty mountains—thick belts of beech, and fir, and cedar, that clothed the valley sides—cascades glittering white amidst the surrounding verdure, and luxuriant creepers, whose festoons hung gracefully over the clear water that sparkled below.

The close of the year 1855 found the *Barracouta* at Shanghai undergoing repairs which her strained timbers and damaged machinery allowed no longer to be delayed. Here they found merchants from all parts of the world well supplied with the luxuries of existence, and thoroughly disposed to be cheery and hospitable. Before the town lay a host of trading vessels—sharp Yankee clippers, with black glistening sides and an eagle for figure-head—fast-sailers from Aberdeen, with cargoes of tea well guarded beneath their varnished decks—old fashioned, broad-beamed Indiamen of the slow and steady order—the gaudily painted junk, with eyes in her bows, strange devices painted on her stern, and crews wrapped up so as to look like bales of cotton, till a wide, flat face protruded to reveal the humanity that lurked beneath. Early in January the depredations of pirates again called for repression, and the *Barracouta* visited the Chusan group of islands in pursuit of them. One of these is the sacred island of Puto, the head-quarters of Chinese Buddhism. Every spot is redolent of religion. There are temples and grottoes and consecrated groves—in crevices of the rocks are buried thousands of priests—the ashes of others are preserved in close-sealed jars—children chant the praises of the god in a short, monotonous line, or tell them out upon beads—devotees from all quarters bring propitiatory offerings of rice and tobacco—and two thousand lazy priests administer the rites and grow fat upon the emoluments of their saintly office.

Some of the most entertaining portions of Mr. Tronson's journal are those which record the various exploring expeditions upon the coast of Tartary which principally occupied the remainder of his term of employment. He is certainly among the happy class of travellers who have their eyes open, make friends with savages and civilized people with equal facility, and wherever they go find something that is interesting, queer, or picturesque. Beasts and birds, geological strata or forest plants, Japanese temples or Ghiliack huts, are all observed with the

* *Personal Narrative of a Voyage to Japan, Kamschatka, Siberia, &c., in H.M.S. "Barracouta."* By J. M. Tronson, R.N. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

attention of a connoisseur; and some careful maps and extremely pretty sketches of the principal scenes described assist the reader's imagination, and complete the interest of a most satisfactory book of travels.

CHRONIQUE DE LA PUCELLE.*

IN literature—at least in historical literature—a sort of sub-soil draining process is becoming common. Hitherto there has been too much ground for the complaint that even writers of history have been often content with those facts which lie upon the surface of past ages, and have not sufficiently availed themselves of such means of penetrating deeper as were at their service. The public demanded little of them. Persons of ordinary education read their Mitford and their Hume, and did not trouble themselves to inquire whether the pictures there presented to them were fair and adequate. Gradually, however, fresh histories and new views have become more common, and the time has arrived when it is almost less trouble for each person to consult the original sources for himself than to balance the conflicting statements of modern compilers.

As yet, the great obstacle in the way of the prosecution of such studies, so far as regards modern history, has been the almost insuperable difficulty which many persons encounter in getting at the original authorities. A poor man has found it no easy matter to procure them even in London, and in the country it has been quite impossible. Mr. Bohn's antiquarian series has effected something towards doing away with this inconvenience; but, to say nothing of other defects, a translation by an unknown author can never quite satisfy a true student. At present, both in England and France, there is a decided movement in the right direction. The latter country has, it must be admitted, been decidedly in advance of ourselves in this respect. Even there, however, such efforts as have been made have been rather in the way of editing large and expensive collections than of providing cheap and portable editions of the more important works. The task of correctly editing a mediæval chronicle in a humble form is, in truth, a somewhat thankless one. It can bring little fame and little profit; yet it requires time, and labour, and learning, and had better be left undone than executed carelessly. For these reasons it seems to be worth while to call attention to an excellent sample of what can be done when the work is, as it should be, a work of love. The volume which M. de Virville has edited in the *Bibliothèque Gauloise* is cheap, portable, and well printed. It appears in two forms, one of them a trifle cheaper than the other; but as the cheaper edition will probably fall to pieces in the reader's hands, it will be a point of prudence to purchase the dearer of the two. In the latter the paper is better, and the volume is bound in cloth.

As it is stated in the title-page that parts of the contents have never appeared in print before, it will be well, before proceeding further to say that no new light is thrown upon the history of Joan of Arc, and that the "Notes, Notices, et Développement," do not touch immediately upon any of the questions connected with her career. Her life is so far the most striking episode in the period of French history to which the chronicles here given relate, and so many points have been raised about her, that, unless duly warned, the reader will probably feel disappointed at finding no fresh discoveries. For this, however, he must be prepared. Neither M. Delepierre's historic doubts nor anybody else's doubts are in any way cleared up.

The composition called the *Chronique de la Pucelle* has never as yet been assigned to any known author. It appears for the first time in a collection of historical writings published in 1661 by Godefroy, and has since then been reproduced in different shapes. M. Quicherat has shown that it is based upon an unpublished work called *Les Gestes des Nobles François*, the parts which do not belong to the latter having been taken from different sources. M. de Virville attempts in the work before us to prove that it has a double authorship, and is an amplification by one William Cousinot of the work of another William Cousinot. The evidence upon which this theory rests would probably have little interest for most of our readers; and the theory itself is only noticeable as affording a plausible explanation of the abrupt and rather mysterious way in which the *Chronique* ends with the September of 1429. The question is antiquarian rather than historical, and we will content ourselves with avowing that the grounds upon which M. de Virville rests his case appear to us rather unsubstantial. The following is a résumé of the results at which he arrives. There existed in the sixteenth century a chronicle known as the *Chronicle of Cousinot* which no longer exists. We possess two fragments of it only. One of these, *La Geste*, or *Les Gestes des Nobles*, is in manuscript; the other, the *Chronique de la Pucelle*, was published in 1661. M. de Virville prints some extracts from the former together with a new edition of the latter.

The second half of the book consists of the *Chronique Normande* of P. Cochon. The original document, which had been consulted by M. Michelet and other writers, was copied in

* *Chronique de la Pucelle*; ou, *Chronique de Cousinot*, suivie de la *Chronique Normande* de P. Cochon, relatives aux Règnes de Charles VI. et Charles VII., restituées à leurs Auteurs, et publiées pour la première fois intégralement à partir de l'An 1403, d'après les Manuscrits, avec Notices, Notes, et Développement, par M. V. de Virville, &c. Paris: Adolphe Delahays (Bibliothèque Gauloise). London: Jeffs. 1859.

extenso by M. A. Floquet, who presented his manuscript to M. de Virville, with permission to employ it as he thought best. He has not here given us the whole of it, but only so much as relates to events subsequent to the year 1403. Its author does not appear to be the same person as the P. Cochon or Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who was Joan of Arc's great enemy, though both of them belonged to the Burgundian party. Our chronicler seems to have been a more amiable man, as well as a truer Frenchman at heart, and though there are not a few traces of party spirit in his writings, there is none of the rancour and violence which it may be presumed would have characterized any composition of his notorious namesake. The assumption, however, that they were different individuals does not rest solely upon the general character of the chronicle, but seems to be satisfactorily established upon definite grounds.

The *Chronique Normande* cannot be said to contain any new historical facts of importance, but it repays perusal, partly by its general liveliness and *naïveté* of style, partly by some curious pictures which it contains of contemporary manners. The period over which the portion here printed extends was, as is well known, one of the most disastrous in French history. All the writers of the time paint in the strongest colours the oppressions under which the land suffered, and the want and misery which ensued. These calamities have been by many historians laid to the charge of the English, and the invasions which followed the formation of the Anglo-Burgundian alliance have been denounced as the fatal inauguration of the troubles which France endured in the fifteenth century. The fact, however, seems to be that the condition of the country was as deplorable as it could well be previously to those invasions. The real source of the calamities of the French at this time was the assassination of the Duke of Orleans by the Duke of Burgundy, at the commencement of the century. In spite of the hollow truces and pretended reconciliations which followed, it was generally felt, and abundantly proved, that this crime had not been forgotten or forgiven. From the time when it occurred up to the counter-assassination of the Duke of Burgundy at Montreuil, the country groaned under the pressure of exactions which a state of half-suppressed civil war made necessary. After the murder at Montreuil the war assumed a more avowed and open character, but it may be questioned whether the French suffered more in consequence. No state of society can be worse than one in which every man lives in hourly dread of finding a spy or an assassin in his neighbour. The invasion of the English tended to change the nature of the war from that of an intestine to that of an international struggle; and if war must take place, it is certainly better that it should be between rival nations than between fellow-citizens.

Some modern writers, disgusted with the short-comings of our present state of civilization, have hinted that occasional wars are desirable as a kind of moral tonic for the national system. The receipt was certainly not very successful in the Middle Ages. Nothing is more remarkable in the chronicle before us than the light way in which the writer—though apparently on the whole a well-disposed man—deals with such crimes as treacherous assassinations and attacks of all kinds. Among other anecdotes he tells the following:—There was at Court, in 1405, a young man of good family, named M. de Grartville, and he was "villain" in the presence of the Court by a "mignon" named "Le petit Boursicaut," because he would not marry one of the young ladies in attendance, named "Charlotte," saying that she was not his equal in rank. After they had "had some words" upon this interesting topic, "Little Boursicaut" suddenly rushed at his adversary, who, in stepping back, got his foot entangled and fell. Little Boursicaut seized him by the hair and dragged him round the room "with villanous vituperations," the Queen and the Duke of Orleans, who were present, doing nothing but laugh. The unfortunate young gentleman got up, and on going out told Boursicaut to be on his guard, for he should pay for this outrage. The latter put his fingers to his nose, in his pride (*fist la figure, par son orgueil*), and there the matter ended for the present. This took place in the beginning of December. On New Year's eve, Little Boursicaut supped in the town; and when he had done his supper, got on his mule, and, followed by a page with his sword, and preceded by a valet with a torch, set out, saying, "Now is Gueratville's"—P. Cochon is sublimely indifferent to spelling—"time come. If he meets me not to-night, I shall hold him for perjured, and no gentleman." (It is not stated, but they had apparently agreed to meet and fight.) The vain-glorious little hero (the chronicler goes on to say) knew not what was in store for him. At the corner of the street he was suddenly set upon, knocked from his mule, beaten and re-beaten (*battu et rebattu*), and dragged up and down the gutter; and, though four years had elapsed, had never had his revenge, and probably never would. It is remarkable that, in telling this story, it never seems to have occurred to the writer that an onslaught of this kind was in any way dishonourable. If the lessons of chivalry had any practical effect whatever, it might have been supposed that they would have brought into disrepute, if they could not prevent, such actions. The compiler of the narrative, however, has evidently no feeling of disapprobation, but regards the whole affair partly as a capital joke, partly as a signal illustration of the precept that he who puts on his armour should not vaunt himself like him who puts it off.

Such chronicles as this are infinitely more readable than the

medieval romances. Many persons who are repelled by the title "Chronicle," will attempt a medieval romance, because it bears a more specious name. In this case, however, all that is in a name is deception. P. Coehon's unpretending narrative is far less tedious than *Amadis of Gaul*, or Mallory's *King Arthur*. The old French presents some difficulty at first, but the difficulty becomes very slight with a little practice. Many of the obsolete words are simply English; and when the word "noise" occurs, we do not require the gloss "bruit." In others the appearance is more strange than the reality; and if the reader trusts to his ear instead of his eye, these will not delay him long. Both in old English and old French, the best way to treat an odd-looking word is to pronounce it aloud, when it will commonly appear that it is an old friend with a new face. "Sessat" looks strange enough, but it reads "cessat," or "cessât," without difficulty.

MR. PAGE'S HANDBOOK OF GEOLOGICAL TERMS.*

"HARD words and forbidding technicalities," as Mr. Page informs us in his preface, are made the ground of a common charge against geology. We have never been able to see, however, how the technicalities of geology are more hard and forbidding than those of any other branch of natural science—unless, perhaps, it be that geology, embracing as it does most of those other branches, has to carry the weight of their hard words as well as its own. To us it has always seemed that a much more serious charge might be found, not in the forbidding aspect of the technicalities, but in the utter want of system with which they are formed and used. Indeed, in the whole range of human invention one may doubt whether another such mass of confusion is anywhere to be found as that presented by the nomenclature of geology. There are terms derived from almost every language of Europe, ancient and modern, together with a host that belong to no language under the sun. This medley of terms, too, is served up with the utmost caprice. There is no analogy followed, no system, no method; so that a mere onlooker is almost tempted to wonder whether there be not some brain-disordering element in the very study of geology. The want of plan meets us on the very threshold of the science. Thus, the three great geological divisions of the crust of the earth are symmetrically expressed by the three Greek names, Palæozoic, Mesozoic, Cainozoic; but this is too symmetrical for the geologists. They have retained the first epithet, and used it till it has become a very household word; but they generally discard the remaining two, and talk of Secondary and Tertiary. Again, the subdivisions of these three great series are still more arbitrarily expressed. In the Palæozoic group we have the Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, and Permian—names derived from typical localities; and Old Red Sandstone and Carboniferous—terms which have reference to mineral characteristics. In the Secondary group, we find some formations with provincial English names—others are from the German, or Latin, or Greek. Some are named from their general mineralogical character; others from the mineralogical character of particular strata; others from their fossil contents; while one or two boast names which puzzle even geologists to explain. In the Tertiary group—thanks to the logical clearness of Sir Charles Lyell—there is really something like symmetry. The names there are all Greek, and based on one uniform system. If we pass from the domain of lithology to that of palæontology, the same absence of plan confronts us still. Latin and Greek are jumbled together in a way that would make even a fourth-form boy stare. And then into this congeries of classical epithets are introduced the strangest and most uncouth compounds. A little coralline boasts the name of *Phillipsastræa*, and a trilobite that of *Griffithides*. Our old friend Greenough discovers a fossil, and is straightway enrolled in the annals of palæontology as *Greenoughius*. In the same record we find *Bullockius*, *Flesherus*, *Higginsius*, *Apjohnus*, *Smithius*, and many others equally ludicrous. Some worthy citizens have their names transformed into adjectives. Dixon, for instance, reappears as *Dixonianus*, Taylor as *Taylorianus*; but we have also *Dealongchampsianus*, *Largilliertianus*, *Goldfussianus*, &c. Even in this department there is no system; for, while one palæontologist writes *Hennahi*, another makes it *Hennahianus*. Besides all this, the names are being constantly altered; old names are sometimes retained with a new or a restricted meaning; or new terms are devised, as guiltless of system as their predecessors.

Any attempt to guide the student through this maze, and to make his path as pleasant as such a path can well be made, deserves to be hailed with approbation. With every inclination to do so in the present instance, we took up Mr. Page's *Handbook*, the modesty of his preface making an additional appeal to our good-will. It is with pain, however, that we confess our disappointment, and that we can give the volume only a very qualified approval. Its plan is good so far as the general reading public is concerned, and for this general public Mr. Page professes chiefly to have written. But we hardly think that the book, at least as it stands at present, will be of much service to the student, who will find all the information contained in it given much more fully, as well as more

correctly, in the text-books which are indispensable to him. We have grave fault to find with the way in which the volume has been compiled. The author seems to have proceeded on no settled plan, and to have been guided by no ruling principle. His notes are a very pattern of arbitrary selection. Everything seems set down at random, as it happened to turn up, and apparently without much thought whether the matter so gleaned would be likely to be of general utility. Thus, under the word *Trilobite*, he says that three or four genera of trilobites occur among the carboniferous rocks; while, under *Griffithides*, he states emphatically that there are only three. Of these three, on no principle that we can divine, he finds room for only one—the *Griffithides*—as to the structure and affinities of which no information is given. What is there remarkable in that genus, we would ask, which entitles it to a place to the exclusion of *Phillipsia*, and *Brachymetopus*? Again, the little foraminifer, *orbiculina* (which is not likely to trouble the learner) receives four lines of illustration, while the common brachiopod *orbicula* (*discina*) is wholly omitted. Of two not unfrequent palæozoic pteropods one (*conularia*) is taken, the other (*theca*) is left. The list of specific names appended to the volume is ludicrously incomplete, and, indeed, ought never to have been attempted. People must turn to their Latin and Greek lexicons for an explanation of the hundreds of specific names used by the palæontologist, and not to the appendix of a scientific manual. As an example of the incompleteness of this appendix, we may mention that out of the hundred spirifers found in Britain, each of which has a distinct name, Mr. Page gives the names of only about the half, and omits some of the most familiar forms, as *dis-junctus*, *duplicicostatus*, *pinguis*, &c. The same arbitrary style characterizes every part of the book. We find the "Llandovery rocks," the "Bala limestone," and the "Longmynd beds," all duly entered, but no mention of "Llandeilo flags," or "Woolhope limestone." One or two of the subdivisions of the Eocene are noticed as "London clay" and "Plastic clay," but two-thirds at least are omitted; and in no part of the volume have we been able to discover any information regarding the interesting sections of the Isle of Wight, so important to every student of Tertiary Geology. The only reference to these sections is contained in the meagre list of names in the "Geological Scheme" at the beginning of the volume, and in the description of the two or three Eocene subdivisions, which have found their way into the *Handbook*. "Binsted beds," "Headon series," "Osborne beds," we submit, do not convey a very clear and intelligible idea of the nature of the strata so designated, and surely merit elucidation quite as much as "Bracklesham beds," to which half-a-dozen lines have been devoted. But there are omissions of a still graver and more surprising kind. What, for instance, will the geological student think of the volume, when he turns to it in vain for an explanation of *clinometer*—an instrument with which he is told to furnish himself at the very outset? Some of the most common geological expressions, too, he will search for to no purpose, such as "geological horizon," "parallelism of strata," "intrusive rocks," &c. Mr. Page's explanations, moreover, are often incomplete, unsatisfactory, and even wrong. Why, for example, when he defines "hade" as the slope of a fault, does he not add the useful rule, so well known to the miner and the field-geologist, that the hade usually dips in the direction of down-throw? In his definition of "amorphous," he adds that "*basalt* and rock-crystal always appear in some definite form." Surely Mr. Page has never examined a trappean country, otherwise he never could have penned such a sentence. But the whole of his expositions of the igneous rocks are replete with errors, so much so that we are inclined to doubt whether he could really distinguish the rocks which he attempts to describe. Greenstone, he informs us, is never earthy or vesicular. Could any assertion be more emphatic, yet more emphatically false? Why, if our author will only take his hammer, and stroll out among the trap hills in his neighbourhood, we venture to say he will meet with a dozen examples of both earthy and vesicular greenstones in the course of a single forenoon. We had marked many other passages for comment, but it is needless to multiply instances. After a careful examination of this *Handbook*, we must pronounce it a hurried and unsystematic compilation, with a vast deal of information, partly useful, partly not, but destitute of much which the tyro expects and requires. As a book of reference for mere general readers, its plan, as we have already said, is good, and a rigorous process of weeding and grafting might make it a useful *Vade Mecum*. We would, therefore, recommend the compiler to revise the palæontological part and that smaller portion which he has devoted to physical geology. From the former let him remove much information which is not absolutely needed in a glossary of this size, and in place of it let him insert a brief definition of many important genera at present omitted, so as to make his volume as complete in this respect as one of such dimensions can be expected to be. The descriptions in physical geology ought, in not a few instances, to be re-written, and many more should be added—the ruling principle being to crowd as much necessary information as possible into the smallest space. Amenities of style of course are not looked for, although, in this respect, the volume before us certainly deserves commendation. By following the advice which we tender with all good-will, Mr. Page may make his *Handbook* a really useful one, and by thus smoothing the path of the learner, may do good service to his favourite science.

* *Handbook of Geological Terms and Geology.* By David Page, F.G.S. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

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HOUSE OF CHARITY FOR THE DISTRESSED, when recommended as respectable by any trustworthy person, No. 9, Rose-street, Solo-square, W.—is in urgent need of MONEY and CLOTHING (new or old), having had this year to maintain 500 persons until they met with employment. Checks or post-office order, payable to the Resident Warden, Rev. J. C. Chambers; the Treasurer, J. R. Kenyon, Esq., 11, New-square, Lincoln's-inn; the Bankers, Messrs. Hoare, Fleet-street; Messrs. Cocks and Biddulph, Charing-cross; and Mr. Charles Turner, Collector.

TO PRINTERS, NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS, EDITORS, AND OTHERS.—MR. CHARLES WESLEY will SELL BY AUCTION, in One Lot, at Cambridge, on WEDNESDAY, the 14th December instant, the Copyright of the EASTERN COUNTIES GAZETTE, published at St. Ives, Hunts, together with all the PLANT, TYPES, and FITTINGS, all of which are of recent erection, and in good condition; including a Steam-engine, of Six-horse power, by Young, of Glasgow; Boiler and Apparatus complete, and a Double-royal Maine's Patent Machine, by Harriall and Sons; Galley-press, Types, and all other necessary Fittings and Furniture of a Printing Office. Particulars and Conditions of Sale can be obtained of the Auctioneer, at Cambridge; of JOHN MACKRELL, Esq., Solicitor, 34, Cannon-street West; or of Mr. JOHN HEARD CLARKE, Accountant, 76, Cheapside, London, E.C.

NICE, near Cimici.—To be SOLD, FURNISHED, a FREEHOLD HOUSE, in this desirable quarter, situate about two miles from the city, on rising ground, surrounded by its own garden, and commanding a fine sea view. The house was built and furnished, a few years ago, by an English gentleman for his own occupation; it has never been let, and is now to be sold only in consequence of the owner's death. It contains, on the basement story, a kitchen, pantry, store-room, three servants' bed-rooms, a wine cellar, a cellar for wood, and an icheuse; on the ground floor are an entrance-hall, with stone staircase, a library, a dining-room, two drawing-rooms, with a spacious verandah, and a small parlour; on the first floor are three bed-rooms, two dressing-rooms, a bath-room, with marble bath and pipes for hot and cold water, and a lady's boudoir; on the second floor are a children's nursery, a governess's school-room, three bed-rooms, and a laundry. The house contains three water-closets, fitted with English machinery, a well of abundant and excellent water, with force-pump, and a large cistern for water on the roof; there is also another cistern under ground. Immediate possession can be given, and the house and furniture are in excellent order, and ready for the reception of a family. For further particulars apply to Mena, CHARLES ARSULE, Notaire, 14, rue du Gouvernement, Nice; or to Messrs. J. and R. McBRACKEN, 7, Old Jewry, London.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—This Association has been formed for the PURPOSE OF ENCOURAGING RIFLE SHOOTING, and thereby giving permanence to the Volunteer Movement, in accordance with the following RESOLUTIONS passed at the Public Meeting held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, London, on the 16th Nov. 1859—

1. That a National Association be formed for the encouragement of Volunteer Rifle Corps and the promotion of rifle shooting throughout Great Britain.
2. That the property of the Association should be vested in three trustees.
3. That the Association shall consist of all persons subscribing annually the sum of 12. 1s., or of donors of the sum of 10l. 10s. That there shall be a President Patron and a President to be annually elected by the Council. That there shall be twelve Vice-Presidents, with Power to add to the number, and a Council elected at the general meeting of the Association, that the Council shall consist of fifteen ordinary and five extraordinary members, of whom one third shall go out of office in each year, but shall be eligible for re-election. That there shall be an honorary secretary and a paid secretary in London, and honorary correspondents in such parts of the country as may be hereafter determined. That the duties of treasurer be for the present entrusted to the paid London secretary.
4. That a meeting of the Association shall be held annually at places to be hereafter determined on, varied from year to year, to which the several Volunteer Corps will be invited to send a certain number of their best shots, who will compete for prizes according to the rules of the school of Musketry at Hythe. That prizes be also offered for competition among riflemen whether they are connected with rifle corps or not. That Major-General Hay be requested to act as chief umpire.
5. That the prizes given by the Association for the encouragement of Volunteer Rifle Corps shall be open to all members of such corps qualified as in Resolution 4. That the prizes given for the general encouragement of rifle shooting shall be open to all persons on payment of an entrance money.
6. That the first meeting of the Association be held in the neighbourhood of London on the first Monday in July,* or at as near that date as can be conveniently appointed.
7. That a committee be formed for the purpose of giving effect to the foregoing resolutions, and that it consist of seven gentlemen, with power to add to the number.

PRESIDENT—The Right Hon. SIDNEY HERBERT, M.P.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Duke of Newcastle.	Earl of Leicester.
Duke of Buccleuch.	Earl of Tankerville.
Marquis of Lansdowne.	Viscount Hardinge.
Marquis of Tweeddale.	Viscount Ranelagh.
Earl of Derby.	Lord Lyndhurst.
Earl of Aberdeen.	Lord Rokeby.
Rifle Corps of Malmesbury.	Lord Vernon.
Earl de Grey.	Speaker of the House of Commons.
Earl of Shaftesbury.	Viscount Palmerston, M.P.
Earl of Besborough.	The Lord Mayor of London.
Earl Spencer.	The Lord Advocate.
Earl of Wemyss.	The Lord Provost of Edinburgh.
Earl of Ellenborough.	Sir W. W. Wynne.

TRUSTEES.

Lord Ashburton.	Major-General Peel, M.P.
Viscount Eversley.	

COUNCIL.

Earl of Lichfield.	Colonel Francis Seymour.
Earl Grosvenor, M.P.	Captain Adam Gladstone.
Lord Panmure.	J. Deedes, Esq.
Lord Elcho, M.P.	Thomas Fairbairn, Esq.
Lord West.	John Laird, Esq.
Lord Radstock.	Archibald Boyle, Esq.
Sir de Lacy Evans, M.P.	Horatio Ross, Esq.
Major-General Hay.	

WORKING COMMITTEE.

Earl Spencer.	Major-General Hay.
Earl Cowper.	Captain M. Hicks.
Lord Elcho, M.P.	George Russell, Esq.
Thomas Fairbairn, Esq.	Captain Tempier.
Captain Adam Gladstone.	Edmund Warre, Esq.

Noblemen and gentlemen desirous of becoming members of the above Association, and of assisting its objects by donations, are requested to communicate with the Secretary, 27, St. James's-place, London, S.W., from whom all particulars may be obtained. Annual subscription, £1 1s.; life subscription, £10 10s. Subscriptions and donations will also be received at Mr. Sams's Royal Library, St. James's-street.

Bankers—Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, and Co., 1, Pall Mall East.

27, St. James's-place, Nov. 25, 1859.

GEORGE RUSSELL, Hon. Sec.

* This is now altered to the second week in July, as being found to be more convenient.

RESERVE FORCE OF ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT having, with the sanction of Parliament, determined on establishing a Reserve Volunteer Force of Seamen trained to the Use of Arms:—

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE,

That any Seaman possessing the following qualifications may be enrolled as a Royal Naval Volunteer in the Reserve Force, and will thereupon be entitled to the advantages and be subject to the obligations mentioned below:—

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE RESERVE.

1. A Volunteer must be a British Subject;
2. He must be free from infirmity;
3. He must not be over thirty-five years of age;
4. He must, within the ten years previous to his joining the Reserve, have been five years at sea, one year of that time as an A.B.

ADVANTAGES OF THE RESERVE.

1. A Volunteer will at once receive an annual payment or retainer of £6, payable quarterly;
2. He will, if he fulfils his obligations and is in the Reserve the requisite time, receive a pension of not less than £12 a year whenever he becomes incapacitated from earning a livelihood, or at sixty years of age if not previously incapacitated;
3. He may elect either to take the whole pension himself, or to take a smaller pension for himself during his life, and to allow his wife a pension after his death, for the remainder of her life;
4. He will not, on account of belonging to the Reserve, forfeit any interest in any Friendly or Benefit Society;
5. His travelling expenses to and from the place of drill will, when necessary, be provided;
6. He will, during drill, receive, in addition to the retaining fee, the same pay, victualling, and allowances as a seaman of the fleet according to his rating;
7. He will, if called out on actual service, receive the same pay, allowances, and victuals, and have the same prospect of promotion and prize money, as a continuous service seaman of the fleet according to his rating, and he will on joining receive the same clothing, bedding, and mess traps;
8. He will, if wounded or injured in actual service, receive the same pension as a seaman in the Navy of the same rating;
9. He will be eligible to the Coast Guard Service and Greenwich Hospital;
10. He may quit the Reserve, if not at the time called out for actual service, at the end of every five years; he may also quit it, when not called out, on paying back the retainers he has received; or, without payment, if he passes an examination as a Master or Mate, and obtains bona fide employment as Master or Mate.

OBLIGATIONS OF THE RESERVE.

1. A Volunteer must attend drill for twenty-eight days each year; he may do so, so far as the convenience of the public service will permit, at a time and place convenient to himself, but he cannot in any case take less than seven days' drill at any one time;
2. He must not, without special permission, proceed on a voyage that will occupy more than six months;
3. He must appear before some Shipping Master once in every six months, unless he has leave to be abroad longer, and he must report every change of residence and employment;
4. In order to earn a Pension he must continue in the Reserve as long as he is physically competent to serve, and he must also have been in the force fifteen years if engaged above thirty, or twenty years if engaged under thirty. In reckoning this time actual service in the fleet will count double;
5. Volunteers may be called upon for actual service in the Navy by Royal Proclamation. It is intended to exercise this power only when an emergency requires a sudden increase in the Naval Force of the country;
6. A Volunteer may, in the first instance, be called out for three years. If there is then actual war, and he is then serving in one of Her Majesty's ships, he may be required to serve for two years longer; but for the additional two years he will receive 2d. a day additional pay;
7. Volunteers when on drill or actual service will be subject to Naval Discipline;
8. A Volunteer who fails to fulfil the obligations of the Reserve will forfeit his claim to Retainer and Pension, and if he fails to join when called out for actual service may be treated as a Straggler or Deserter from the Navy.

THE ENROLLMENT WILL COMMENCE ON 1st JANUARY, 1860.

Full information and detailed conditions may be obtained on application to the Shipping Master at any Port in the United Kingdom, or to the Officers of Customs in the Channel Islands and Isle of Man.

THE LONDON-BRIDGE RAILWAYS TERMINUS HOTEL COMPANY (Limited).

Capital £100,000, in 20,000 shares of £5 each. Deposit £1 per Share.

OFFICES—38, GRACECHURCH STREET.

DIRECTORS.

JOHN CHALLICE, Esq., M.D., *Chairman*, Southwark.
Lieutenant-General John Tulloch, C.B., 25, Dawson-place, Notting-hill.
Edmund Beddin, Esq., Holland-street, and Bankside, Southwark.
Major Adm. 16, Royal Crescent, Bath.
James Saxby Jarvis, Esq., Lambeth-road, Lambeth.
Charles Dunk, Esq., Colonial-wharf, Limehouse.
George Penson, Esq., 41, Ladbrooke-square, Notting-hill.
Richard Hawkins, Esq., Armitage Villas, Sydenham-hill, and Pavilion-buildings, Brighton.

Secretary pro tem—Mr. George Clements Harrill.

Solicitor—John Thomas Moss, Esq., 38, Gracechurch-street.

Parliamentary Agents—Messrs. Marchant & Pead, 30, Great George-street, Westminster.

Brokers—Messrs. Mackie and North, 29, Threadneedle-street.

Bankers—The London and Westminster Bank, Southwark.

Architect—Henry Curry, Esq., 4, Lancaster-place, Strand, and St. Thomas's Hospital.

This Company has been formed to give superior hotel accommodation to the vast and daily increasing traffic running to and from the several railways at London Bridge, and is registered under the Joint-Stock Companies Limited Liability Act, whereby the responsibility of each shareholder is limited to the amount of his subscriptions for shares.

The Share List will be shortly closed, and applications for the remainder of the shares are to be forwarded to the Secretary, at the Offices of the Company, or to Messrs. Mackie and North, Stockbrokers, 29, Threadneedle-street, on the form attached, of whom illustrated prospectuses, containing a general view and plan of the site of the Hotel, may be obtained.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of the London Bridge Railways Terminus Hotel Company (Limited).
GENTLEMEN,—I have this day paid into the hands of your bankers the sum of £—, being the deposit of £1 per share for — shares in the above-named Company; such or any less number that you may place at my disposal I agree to accept, to pay all calls thereon when due, and to sign the Articles of Association when required.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

Name (in full)
Profession or occupation
Residence (in full)
Place of business (if any)
Date
Usual signature

INCREASED IMPORTATIONS OF TEA.—Pending the settlement of the Chinese Treaty, supplies have come down to the port freely, and prices are lower for Medium and Fine Teas. The EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY are already giving the full benefit to the public. The lowest price is still 2s. 4d. per lb.—Warehouses, 9, Great St. Helen's Churchyard, City.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST TEAS IN ENGLAND are to be obtained of PHILLIPS and CO., Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London.

Good strong useful Congou Tea, 2s. 6d., 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 3s., and 3s. 4d. Rich Souchong Teas, 3s. 8d., 3s. 10d., and 4s. Tea and Coffee, to the value of 40s., sent carriage free to any railway station or market town in England. A Price Current free by post on application.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE.

7, ROYAL EXCHANGE, 30th of November, 1859.

The Corporation of the London Assurance give notice to parties whose Lives are Assured in their Office, that no extra Premium will be charged to them on joining any VOLUNTEER CORPS for service in the United Kingdom, and that all Policies will be paid in full where death ensues in consequence of such service.

JOHN LAWRENCE, *Secretary*.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—31st December, 1859.—The DIRECTORS of the NATIONAL MERCANTILE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY beg to intimate that the BOOKS of the Society will CLOSE on the 31st December, and applications for assurance made on or before that date will share in the profits, at 31st December, 1860, to the extent of FIVE YEARS' BONUS ADDITIONS.

The profits are declared by way of reduction of premium. At the last division, in 1857, the reductions varied from 20 to 70 per cent. on the original premium, according to the duration of the policy.

By order of the Directors,

JENKIN JONES, *Actuary and Secretary*.

MUTUAL ASSURANCE, WITHOUT PERSONAL LIABILITY.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT. ESTABLISHED IN 1837.

THE NATIONAL MERCANTILE (MUTUAL) LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 27, POULTRY, MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

This Society has now been established upwards of twenty-one years. During that time the business has steadily progressed, and the character for respectability and undoubted security, early obtained by the Office, has been uniformly sustained in all its transactions. The Society numbers on its books several thousand policy-holders, all selected by a careful medical examination; it has paid to the representatives of several hundred deceased members upwards of two hundred thousand pounds (every legitimate claim having been fully and promptly discharged); and the accumulated Premium Fund, which is steadily increasing, now exceeds three hundred thousand pounds. These facts attest the perfect stability of the Society, while, with reference to its general features, the Directors have adopted, from time to time, every improvement that experience has developed, consistent with the security of the Society and the benefit of the assured.

No extra-premium is charged to members of Rifle Corps serving in the United Kingdom.

JENKIN JONES, *Actuary and Secretary*.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.—INSTITUTED 1820.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE WILLIAM COTTAM, Esq., *Chairman*.
FREDERICK PATTISON, Esq., *Deputy-Chairman*.

Thomas G. Barclay, Esq.
James C. C. Bell, Esq.
James Brand, Esq.
Charles Cave, Esq.
George Henry Cutler, Esq.
Henry Davidson, Esq.
George Field, Esq.

George Hibbert, Esq.
Samuel Hibbert, Esq.
Thos. Newman Hunt, Esq.
J. Gordon Murdoch, Esq.
William B. Robinson, Esq.
Martin T. Smith, Esq., M.P.
Newman Smith, Esq.

SECURITY.—The Assured are protected by a Guarantee Fund of upwards of a Million and a Half Sterling from the liabilities attaching to mutual assurance.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or Eighty per Cent. of the Profits, are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The Assured are entitled to participate after payment of One Premium.

CLAIMS.—The Company has disbursed in Payment of Claims and Additions upwards of £1,500,000.

Proposals for Insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

SAMUEL INGALL, *Actuary*.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Constituted by Special Acts of Parliament: Established 1825.

GOVERNOR.

His Grace the DUKE OF BUCLEUCH and QUEENSBERRY.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR.

The Right Hon. the EARL OF ELGIN and KINCARDINE.

CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON BOARD.

The Right Hon. the EARL OF ABERDEEN.

ORDINARY DIRECTORS.

John Scott, Esq., 4, Hyde Park-street.
Francis Le Breton, Esq., 3, Crosby-square.

Thos. H. Brooking, Esq., 14, New Broad-street.

John Griffith Frith, Esq., Austinfriars.

Charles Hemery, Esq., 23, Threadneedle-street.

Lieut.-Col. James D. G. Tulloch.

Alexander Gillespie, Esq., 3, Billiter-court.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The Sixth Division of the Company's Profits is appointed to be made at 15th November, 1860, and all persons now joining will participate in that division.

Sums assured during the year 1858, exclusive of annuity

transactions £507,522 0 0

Annual Revenue (15th November, 1858) 275,990 8 9

Accumulated Fund, invested in Government securities, in land, mortgages, &c. (15th November, 1858) 1,565,105 0 0

Loans granted on security of policies to the extent of their value any time after payment of one year's premium on the with profit scale.

No extra charge for service in Volunteer Corps, or Militia Regiments, during peace or war, whilst within the limits of the United Kingdom.

WILL THOS. THOMSON, *Manager*.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, *Resident Secretary*.

82, King William-street, London, E.C.

THE OXFORD SHERRY, 36s. per dozen, bottles included.

£21 10s. per quarter cask.—CADIZ WINE COMPANY, 66, St. James's-street, London. N.B. Carriage free. Established 1847.

DENMAN,

INTRODUCER of the SOUTH AFRICAN PORT, SHERRY, &c., finest importations, 20s. per dozen, BOTTLES INCLUDED, an advantage greatly appreciated by the public and a constantly increasing connexion, saving the great annoyance of returning them.

A FIRST SAMPLER OF BOTH FOR 24 STAMPS.

WINE IN CASK forwarded free to any railway station in England.

EXCELSIOR BRANDY, Pale or Brown, 15s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen.

TERMS, CASH. Country orders must contain a remittance. Cross cheques "Bank of London." Price-lists forwarded on application.

JAMES L. DENMAN, 65, Fenchurch-street (corner of Railway-place), London.

HEAL AND SON'S EIDER-DOWN QUILTS, from One Guinea to Ten Guineas; also Goose-Down Quilts, from 5s. 6d. to 25s. List of Prices and Sizes sent free by post.—Heal and Son's new Illustrated Catalogue of Bedsteads and Priced List of Bedding also sent post free.—190, Tottenham-court-road, (W.)

MECHI AND BAZIN'S CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

MECHI and BAZIN'S ESTABLISHMENTS are replete with a Large and Well-selected Assortment of Useful and Elegant Articles, adapted for Presentation, consisting of DRESSING CASES, TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS, Medieval Mounted Writing-table Sets, Antique Bronzes, Papier Maché Productions, Chessboards and Chessmen, Card Cases, Postage Balances, PAPERIAN NOVELTIES in ORMOLO, WORK BOXES, KNITTING BOXES, and RETICULES. DESPATCH BOXES AND WRITING CASES, in Russia and Morocco Leather, in Twenty different Forms and Sizes, fitted with real Bramah and Chubb Locks; also others of a cheaper description. PORTABLE WRITING AND DRESSING CASES. Brush Cases, Courier Bags, Pic-Nic Cases, Wicker Lunchcon Baskets, Sporting Knives, Wine and Spirit Flasks, &c.—112, REGENT STREET (W.), 4, LEADENHALL STREET (E.C.), LONDON; CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

RELFE'S HOMŒOPATHIC COCOA stands unrivalled for its Purity, Nutritious Qualities, and Agreeable Flavour. Prepared and Sold in One Pound and Half-Pound Packets, at 1s. 6d. per Pound, by **FREDERIC SHARPE**, Export and Family Grocer, &c., 4, Gracechurch-street, London; and may be had of Grocers and Chemists in Town and Country.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, and pronounced by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS to be the FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED. Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.—**WOTHERSPOON AND CO.**, Glasgow and London.

GLYCERINE SOAP, UNSCENTED, natural colour, in 1s. packets. The pleasantest and best Soap for the Skin.

PRICE'S NON-GUTTERING BED-ROOM CANDLES, in boxes 1s. and 3s. Candlesticks, 1s. and 2s. 6d.

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE CO. (LIMITED), LONDON.

BENSON'S WATCHES. "Perfection of mechanism."—*Morning Post*.

Gold Watches 4 to 100 guineas. | Silver Watches 2 to 50 guineas.
Send two stamps for Benson's Illustrated Watch Pamphlet. Watches sent free to any part of the Kingdom on receipt of a remittance.—33 & 34, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

SELLING OFF.—DRESSING CASES, DESPATCH BOXES, Travelling Bags, Writing Cases, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Inkstands, Envelope Cases, Blotting Books, Stationery Cases, Superior Cutlery, &c.; also, an Elegant Assortment of Articles suitable for Presents, at very Reduced Prices, previous to Alterations.—The Whole of the Large and Valuable STOCK of Messrs. BRIGGS, 27, Piccadilly, W., next door to St. James's Hall.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES. Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit **WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS**. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRON-MONGERY as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with Ornate Ornaments and Two Sets of Bars, £3 15s. to £33 10s.; Ironed Fenders, with Standards, 7s. to £5 12s.; Steel Fenders, £2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich Ornate Ornaments, from £2 15s. to £13; Chimney-pieces, from £1 8s. to £20; Fire-Irons, from 2s. 3d. the Set to £4 4s. **THE BURTON** and all other PATENT STOVES, with Radiating Hearth-Plates.

BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of LAMPS, BATHS, and METALLIC BEDSTEADS. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the Public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this Country.

Bedsteads, from	12s. 6d. to £20 0s. each.
Shower Baths, from	8s. 0d. to £6 0s. each.
Lamps (Moderateur), from	6s. 0d. to £7 7s. each.
(All other kinds at the same rate.)	
Pure Colza Oil	4s. per Gallon.

DISH-COVERS and HOT-WATER DISHES in every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most *richerché* Patterns. Tin Dish-Covers, 6s. 6d. the Set of Six; Block Tin, 12s. 3d. to 23s. 9d. the Set of Six; Elegant Modern Patterns, 34s. to 58s. 6d. the Set; Britannia Metal, with or without Silver-Plated Handles, 76s. 6d. to 110s. 6d. the Set; Sheffield Plated, £10 to £16 10s. the Set; Block Tin Hot-Water Dishes, with Wells for Gravy, 12s. to 30s.; Britannia Metal, 22s. to 77s.; Electro-Plated on Nickel, full-size, £11 11s.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRON-MONGERY CATALOGUE may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 400 Illustrations of his illustrious Stock of Electro and Sheffield Plate, Nickel Silver and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish Covers and Hot-Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Urns and Kettles, Tea Trays, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths and Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bedroom Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Sixteen large Show Rooms, at 39, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, and 3, Newman-street; and 4, 5, and 6, Perry-place, London.—Established 1820.

DR. DE JONGH'S

(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL, Administered with the greatest success in cases of

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS,

Is incomparably superior to every other kind. The recorded investigations of numerous eminent British and Foreign medical practitioners have placed beyond the reach of cavil the fact that no invalid can possibly realize the full benefits of Cod Liver Oil, who does not take Dr. de Jongh's celebrated pure Light Brown Oil.

OPINION OF R. M. LAWRENCE, Esq., M.D.

Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Great Northern Hospital, &c. &c.

"I have frequently tested your Cod Liver Oil; and, so impressed am I with its superiority, that I invariably prescribe it in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

Sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., capsuled, and labelled with Dr. de Jongh's stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by respectable Chemists.

SOLE CONSIGNERS,

ANSAR, HARFORD, AND CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

KEATING'S PALE NEWFOUNDLAND COD LIVER OIL, perfectly pure, having been analysed, reported on, and recommended by Professors TAYLOR and THOMSON, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, who, in the words of the late Dr. PEREIRA, say, that "The finest oil is that most devoid of colour, odour, and flavour," characters this will be found to possess in a high degree. Half-pints, 1s. 6d.; Pints, 2s. 6d.; Quarts, 4s. 6d.—79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

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